THE BYSTANDER
Vol. CIII.—No. 1335

JULY 17, 1929

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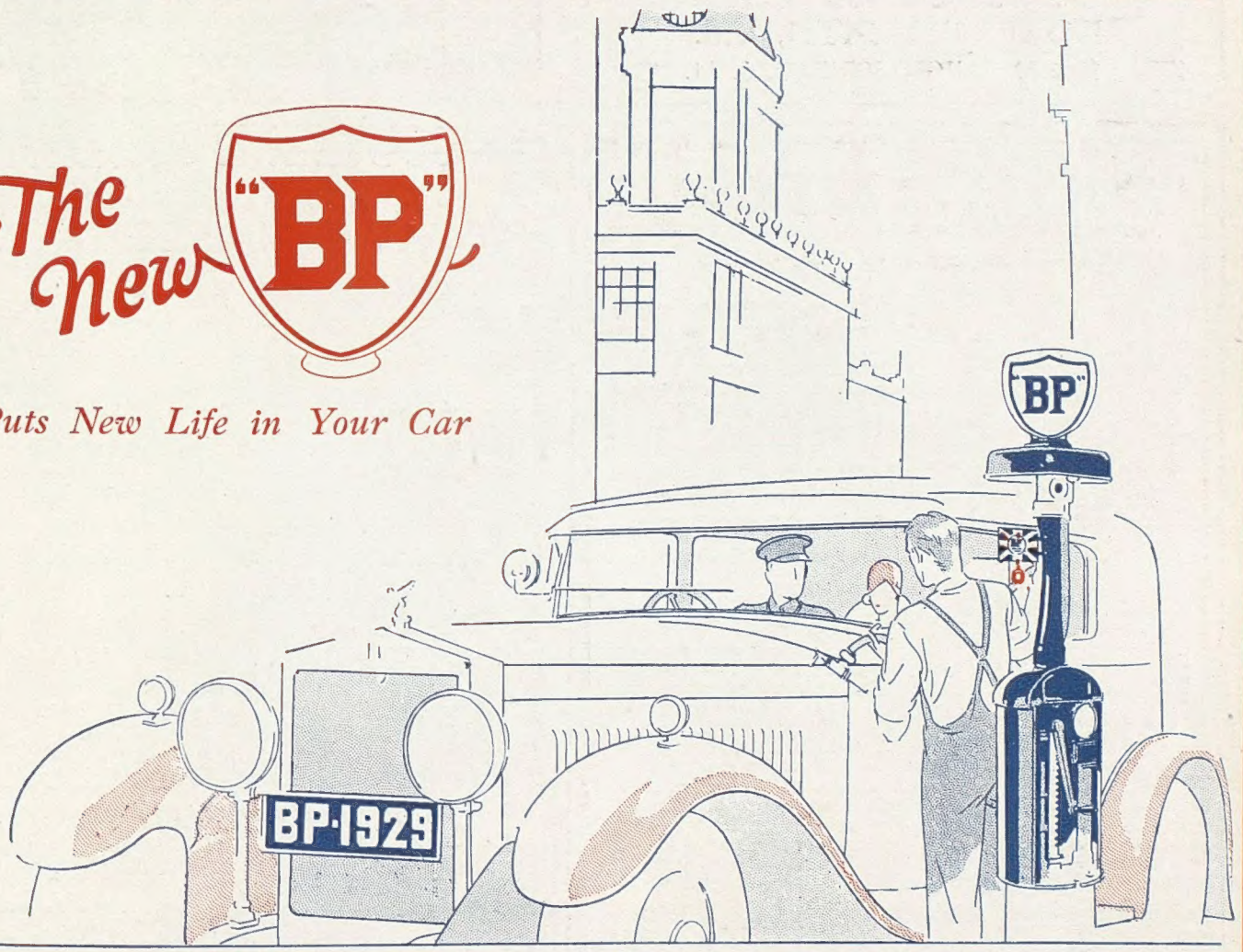

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THE KEY TO THE CONTINENT SR

The Bystander, July 17, 1929 No. 1335. Vol. CIII.

The BYSTANDER

ANNA MAY WONG

BY PETER BAXENDALE

A portrait of the charming little Chinese-American film star, who is flying over from Berlin specially to assist at the Civil Aviation Ball at Grosvenor House on July 19. Miss Wong is at present hard at work filming in Germany

Born 1820 — Still going Strong

JOHN WALKER AND SONS LIMITED, SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND.

THE PASSING HOUR

Central News

The bridesmaids and pages at the wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, between Major L. M. Gibbs, D.S.O., M.C., of the Coldstream Guards, and the Hon. Marjory Maxwell. They are the Hon. Verena Maxwell (the bride's sister), Lady Millicent Taylour, Lady Margaret Bingham, the Hon. Judith Denman, the Hon. Yoskyl Pearson, Miss Lettice Stobart, the Hon. Doreen Gibbs, Miss Antice Crawley, Miss Blanche Bennett, and the Masters Roland Gibbs and Robin Maxwell

An Informal Monarch

THE King of Spain certainly enjoys a greater informality on his holiday visits to England than any other monarch. One sees him dining or lunching at restaurants, his car held up in Bond Street traffic blocks, when he will occasionally wave a hand at some friend discerned upon the pavement, or at one or another of the polo clubs, where, in company with his great companion when he is in England, Lord Wodehouse, he can watch an afternoon's play. I happened to be sitting near him at the Empire Garden Party at Roehampton last week, when he was surrounded by friends, including Lady Carisbrooke and the lovely Duchess de Penaranda. Walking up and down behind the rows of seats I noticed two somewhat sinister "foreign-looking gentlemen." They turned out to be the King's private detectives.

"King Musso" Coming to London!

THE announcement that Signor Mussolini is likely to visit London next week seems to me extremely improbable. He was to have come over here some years ago, but as numerous difficulties arose, including the refusal of trade union workers to drive any train on which he travelled, the visit was postponed. With Labour in office he does not appear to have chosen a propitious moment to see London.

The "Rhode" Photographers

LORD AND LADY ASTOR'S residence at Cliveden,

Express Photo

Major Lancelot Gibbs and the Hon. Marjory Maxwell leaving St. Margaret's after their wedding. The bride, who is the elder daughter of Lord and Lady Farnham, wore a mediæval gown of parchment-tinted and gold satin with a deep train of cream satin lined with gold and edged with pearls

RHODES SCHOLARS AT CLIVEDEN

L.N.A.

Mr. John Galsworthy, the famous novelist and playwright, leaving last week's Investiture at St James's Palace. He received the Order of Merit

Express Photos

A general view of the Royal Agricultural Society's Show, which was held at Harrogate last week. There was a record number of entries this year, and both the attendance and the weather were excellent

Taplow, is an ideal setting for a garden party, no matter what its dimensions, so that the hundred Rhodes Scholars and their wives whom Lady Astor entertained last week never overcrowded the spacious lawns. Festivities had been continuing throughout the week at Oxford in celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the foundation of the Rhodes Trust, but even the importance of this occasion did not allow the wives of the Scholars to dine in the halls of the colleges, and so they were entertained by Mrs. H. A. L. Fisher, the wife of the Warden of New College. A stimulating sight for the American and Dominion visitors was that of Mr. Bernard Shaw in that amazing costume he always affects for the country—an Edwardian Norfolk jacket and knickerbockers, seldom seen nowadays except upon the older members of certain suburban cycling clubs. With his habitual grace he permitted amateur photographers to shoot their cameras at him, and even complied with the request of one young woman to move five paces back so that she could get him in the right focus for her camera! G.B.S. may be curt with correspondents, but he adores photographers!

The Gibbs-Maxwell Marriage

SELDOM can there have been gathered together so many of the family Gibbs than at the marriage of Major Lancelot Gibbs, D.S.O., M.C., of the Coldstream Guards, to the Hon. Marjory Maxwell, Lord and Lady Farnham's elder daughter. Led by Lord Aldenham, the head of the Gibbs family, a relation told me he had counted over twenty-five Gibbs congregated at St. Margaret's, Westminster, and afterwards at the reception at Lord Cowdray's house. Major Gibbs had planned an original gift for his wife's bridesmaids. To the Hon. Verena Maxwell, the bride's sister, Lady Millicent Taylour, Lady Margaret Bingham, the Hon. Yoskyl Pearson, and the rest of the nine who proceeded up the aisle in frocks of green, he gave specially green bound copies of "Elizabeth and Essex." Of more practical service, perhaps, to a young woman these days, faced with the competition of her two million surplus sisters, might have been that droll handbook to marriage, "The Technique of the Love Affair."

An Encouraging "Invisible Export"

AT the Gibbs-Maxwell wedding reception was Mrs. Corrigan, her

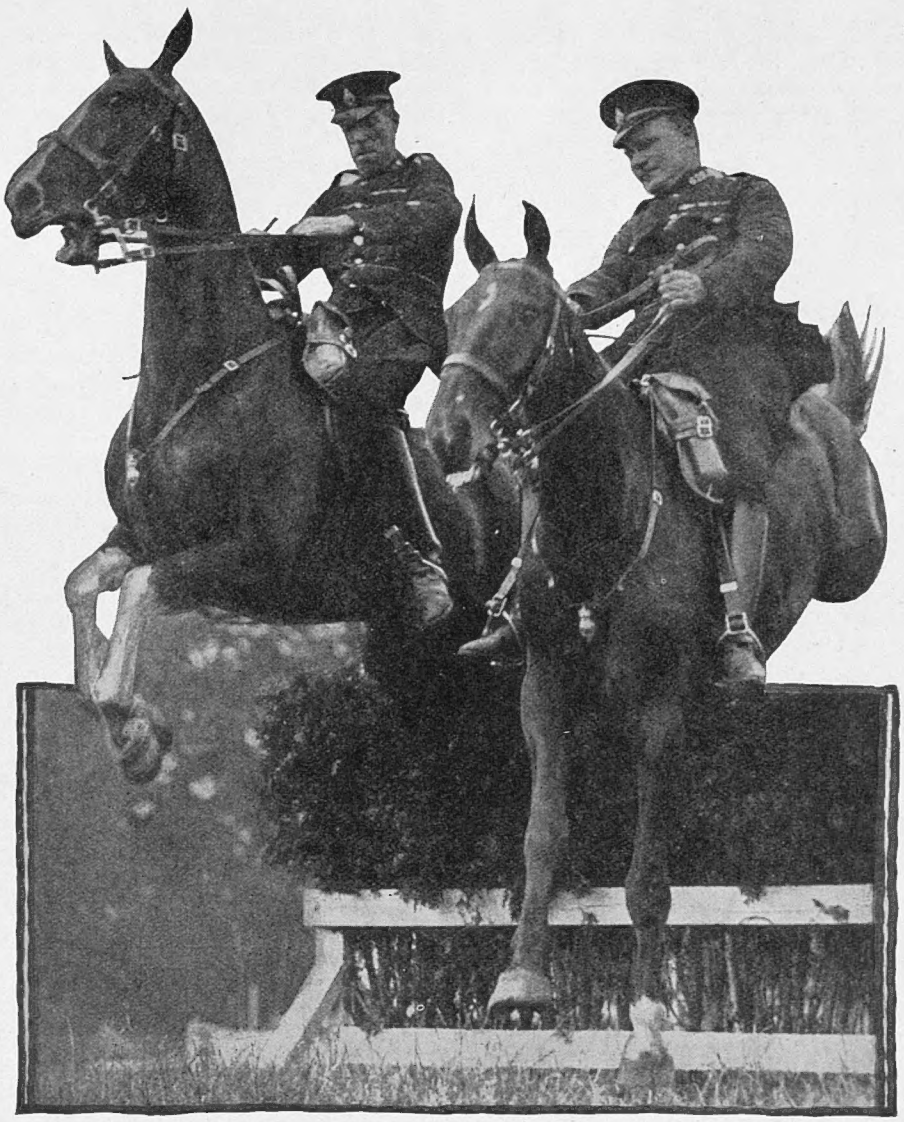
The Duke of York with Lord Lascelles and Lord Dare[illegible] Harrogate. Princess Mary was a[illegible]

AT THE RUSSIAN BALLET

chiffon frock decorously conspicuous amidst some hundred others. Mrs. Corrigan is a hostess for whom we must be grateful to America—economists, I suppose, regard her as an advantageous "invisible export"—and without whom neither London nor Paris would feel its season complete. Invitations to her parties in Grosvenor Street are eagerly awaited by all her friends, whose names and telephone numbers are said to require two secretaries to marshal in dinner array, which, as the smallest of her dinner parties frequently number fifty guests, is understandable. Last week she gave one of forty-four. If ever Labour strips us of the wherewithal to entertain, I foresee the day when Americans will be the only ones in London capable of offering hospitality to their friends.

Express Photos

the opening of the Royal Agricultural Society's Show at visitors on the opening day



L.N.A.

Competitors taking a jump during the Half-Section Jumping Competition at the Mounted Police Sports last week. They were held on the Police Sports Ground at Imber Court

Ballet Modes and Manners

MONDAY night audiences at the ballet produce a more heterogeneous and cosmopolitan collection than is to be found anywhere else. They afford an illuminating study of modern types and manners. Eccentricity is not so apparent, however, as it usually is when the Russian Ballet chooses less imposing surroundings than Covent Garden; tradition of the Opera House very likely has a chastening effect upon a too exuberant æstheticism. On few other occasions outside the ballet are the Sitwell family to be seen *en masse*, accompanied by a heavy sprinkling of their attendant satellites, but Bow Street does not provide the inspiring opportunity of observing the enigmatic and classic profile of Miss Edith Sitwell outlined against the dulcet sky of a moonlight night. Her sister-in-law, who was Miss "Babs" Doble, I saw in a miniature court of admirers surrounding Lady Martin Harvey, who knows the other side of Covent Garden's curtain so well, as her husband's heroine in *The Only Way*.

A Diamond-decked Socialist

IN the O.P. stage box whenever a new ballet is presented, Lady Cunard is most certainly to be seen, as always, lending her material and social support wherever Art is spelt with a capital A. At the first performance of Rieti's *Le Bal*, there were also the Duchess of Roxburgh with Lady Alastair Innes-Kerr, the Ranee of Pudukota with Mr. "Tony" Cunard, Lady Lettice

LORD PASSFIELD AND HIS TITLE

Lygon, and Lady Cynthia Mosley, M.P., her left shoulder bearing a cluster of diamond flowers sufficient to stir envy within the heart of a Capitalist. By the way, there is one diamond in London now that all should look for. I saw it but a night or two ago adorning the fair neck of Miss Peggy Hopkins Joyce, the multi-married American. It is almost an inch square, and I believe is the second largest in the world. Miss Joyce wears it upon a necklet held tightly against her throat.

Lord Beaverbrook's Great Empire Scheme

IT is a pity Lord Beaverbrook could not have evolved his appeal for a united states of Empire before the Election. It would have made such admirable ammunition amidst the Conservatives' damp powder. There is a feeling of national ambition behind his plea, an unselfish fire of Empire enthusiasm in the idea of a vast trade market within the Dominions that reduces other Parliamentary business to insignificance. There are obviously grave fiscal and economic difficulties to be overcome, such as the probability of Irish and Dominion dairy produce being incapable of sustaining a cheap market with Danish eggs and butter excluded, but its recommendation is the concrete ideal of a united trade Empire developing employment and cultivating a personal contact and unity with our Dominions. Above all, it is a motive beyond the petty bickerings of party interest, a spirit and an aim of industrial adventure such as Mussolini has infused into Italy.

The House of Lords Farce

THE futility of conferring titles for the expedient of sitting in the House of Lords seems amply illustrated in the refusal of Mrs. Sidney Webb to adopt her husband's title. She is perfectly justified in not wishing to lose a name that her work and that of her husband has gained by merit of enviable distinction and familiarity. It should be in the power of the Government to nominate their representatives in the Lords without the farcical procedure of first electing them peers. Also Ministers should be able to speak in either House, so that no peer need be prevented from becoming Prime Minister, as was the case of Lord Curzon. Though the prodigal distribution of titles in past years has deprived them of much of their former dignity, I think Lord Passfield, had he glanced at the rules applying to the selection of peerage titles in "Debrett," might have spared our memories and avoided the necessity for Mrs. Webb's declaration of cognominal independence by adhering to his patronymic, which he was perfectly entitled to do.

Hay Wrightson

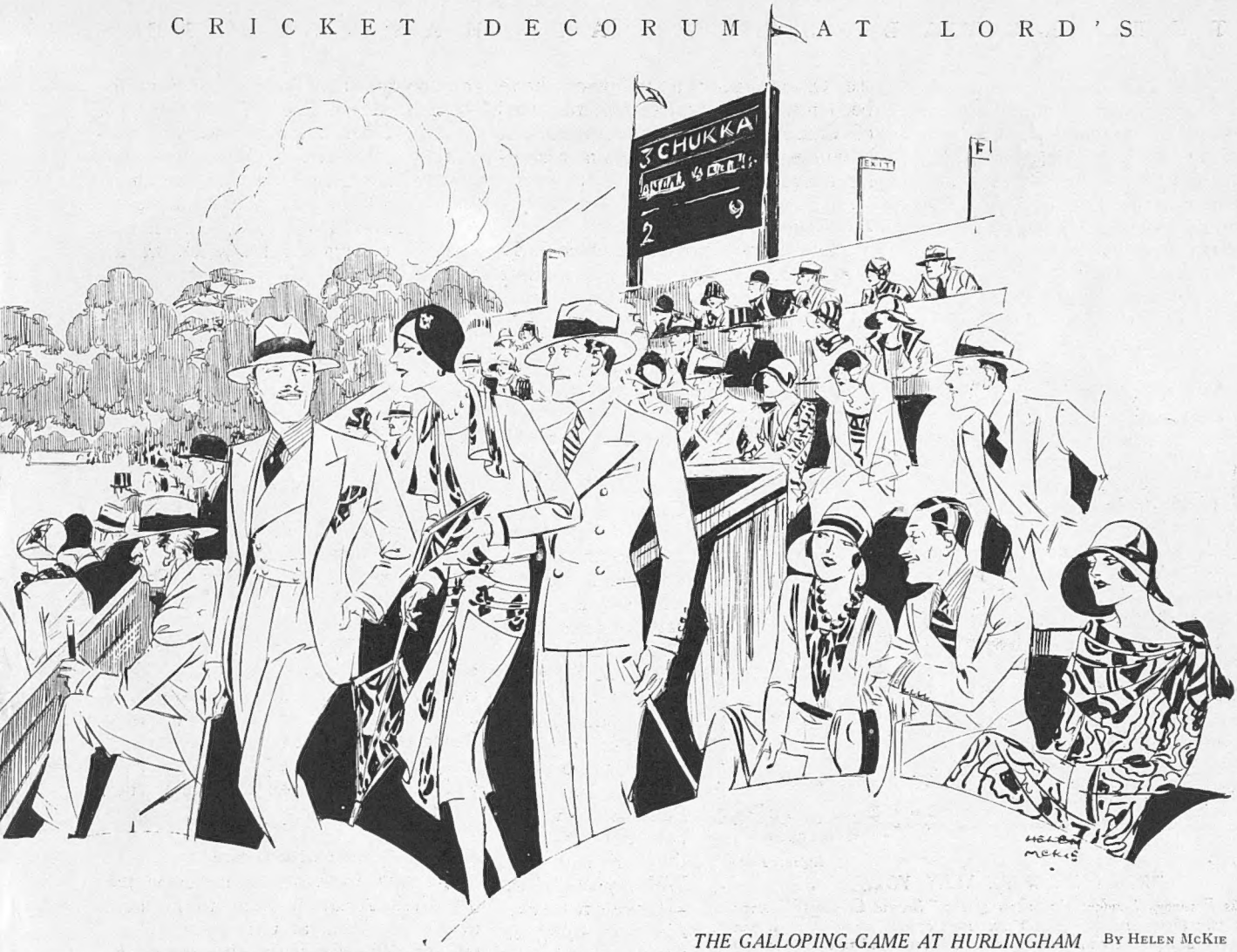
LADY MARGARET DOUGLAS-HAMILTON

The younger daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton, who recently took part in two charity performances at the Scala Theatre of "The Lillies of the Field," by John Hastings Turner, who has written this week's "Bystander" short story. She played Catherine, the part created by Edna Best, in these two performances, which were in aid of the Duchess of Hamilton's model abattoir

A New London Evening Paper?

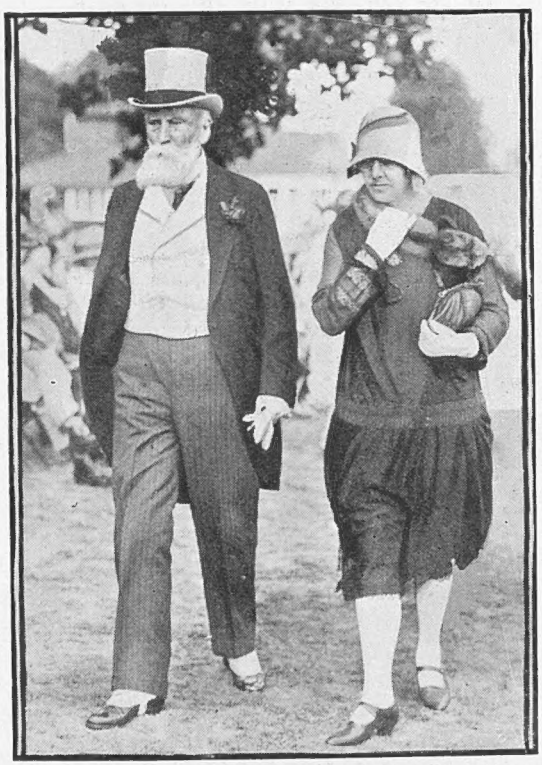
THEY say, both inside and outside of the "fourth estate," that a new evening paper will be seen on the London streets before many months pass. Twenty years ago there were seven evening papers on sale. Now there are three, so that there should be room for another.

CRICKET DECORUM AT LORD'S



THE GALLOPING GAME AT HURLINGHAM By HELEN McKIE

Of all the clubs in and around London which are devoted to polo Hurlingham is by far the oldest, having been established as long ago as 1868. Above is seen an impression by Miss Helen McKie of a typical crowd watching the polo on the beautiful elm-bordered ground which runs down to the Thames. Hurlingham stages many of the most important games of the Season, and, far from losing any of its popularity, has added to it with the passing of the years



British Illustrations

The Earl of Meath and Mrs. Phillips at the British Empire Garden Party at Roehampton. This event, the first of its kind to be held, was attended by many prominent people, including the High Commissioners of the Dominions and Colonies

The seven used to consist of the *Globe*, the *St. James's*, the *Pall Mall*, the *Westminster*, and the three that still remain. A difficulty with this new journal, I imagine, will be to find a good name for it. Its chief protagonist is said to be Lord St. Davids, a brother of Lord Kylsant, so that the million or so necessary for its launching is easily assured, for he is one of the richest men in the country, and the industries he controls, the most widespread; in fact, it is to absorb surplus profit and also to have a mouthpiece for his policy that the paper is under contemplation.

Garden Party Cricket

No week in the year sees so many celebrities pass the turnstiles at Lord's as for the Varsity match, and after that the Eton and Harrow, at which the majority are so eager to see their friends and let their friends see them that what is usually productive of very good cricket is lost to sight. I do not remember such curious similarity in the first and second days' play in any Varsity match. First J. T. Morgan went in when Cambridge, after losing their "crack" for a "duck," were showing signs of a collapse and stopped the decline by hitting up all but a century and a half; then the day following the Nawab of Pataudi saved Oxford from the likelihood of a follow-on. On the way to his first fifty cricket could not have been duller, and it even stirred what can never have been at this match before, ironical applause, but with his first fifty behind him the Nawab started hitting out, and to my extreme delight landed one in the stands for a six! I found that what most delights young women spectators of cricket is the likelihood of a sensation. I sat beside a girl who would have resorted to black magic could her wish to

THE ROYAL SHOW AT HARROGATE

Express Photo

"*WHEN WE WERE* VERY *YOUNG*"

Miss Rosemary Sandars, the hostess of the "Second Childhood" party she gave to two hundred friends, who were equally young in mind and raiment, at her mother's house last week. The responsibility of entertaining so many little friends who came without their nurses prevented her from laughing at the photographer in the approved baby manner

see Oxford play a follow-on have been realised! And certain residents of Cambridge, no doubt, may not have been entirely guiltless of a similar desire!

The Royal Show Week

HARROGATE enjoyed a particularly successful Royal Show last week, and but for the King remaining in London the Queen would have been among those members of the Royal Family to pay a visit. Lord Lascelles, who was accompanied by Princess Mary, was this year's president, and he acted as the Duke of York's guide. Comparative freedom from foot-and-mouth disease resulted in record entries in the cattle classes, and I am told that the parade of the prize animals was a most outstanding spectacle of the magnificence of Shorthorns, Red Polls—with which both the King and the Prince of Wales won prizes—Guernseys, Aberdeen-Angus, and Ayrshires. Harrogate, obviously, has been enjoying the consequent influx of visitors, of whom, I believe, many were Americans, and Jack Hylton, who has gathered a reputation for his bands as widely known as Paul Whiteman—even Paris sends for him now—played throughout the week at the Royal Hall.

A Goodwood Ball

THE absence of the King and Queen from Cowes this year will certainly dim the brilliance of that apotheosis to the season, but entries for the races will probably be as numerous as ever, and only the social functions on shore will be clipped of their customary festivity. Goodwood Week, preceding it, will provide at least one dance that has come to assume eclectic proportions. This is the Officers' Annual Ball of the 4th Royal Sussex Regiment, held at the Drill Hall, Horsham, after the first day of Goodwood, July 31. Those entertaining for the races, such as the Duchess of Norfolk, Lady Buxton, the Duchess of Richmond, Lady Leconfield, and Lady Cowdray, will be among those to take parties for this dance.

Mr. MacDonald at a Dance

ANOTHER forthcoming dance is the Civil Aviation Ball, to be held at the Ice Rink at Grosvenor House on the 19th, for which its organisers were enterprising enough to have young women dressed up as aviators, who sold tickets to the waiting dowagers and debutantes who were lined up in the Mall for the last Courts. It will, I believe, be the first dance Mr. MacDonald has attended since he became Premier. He is to join his daughter's party. The Belgian, German, Portuguese, and Swiss Ambassadors are to be present, and among the list of distinguished patrons are the Duchess of Atholl, Lady Ribblesdale, Lord Ebury, and Lady Cynthia Slessor. Lincoln's Inn, by the way, has been kindly lent by permission of the Treasurer and Masters for a charity garden party on Saturday, July 27. It is in aid of two societies which give free legal assistance to the poor—most admirable

Express Photo

"*THE YOUNG VISITERS*"

Some of the Bright Young People being greeted by their hostess on their arrival for the "Second Childhood" party. Guests had to arrive by pram or scooter, and a special pram park was provided for those whose nurse-chauffeurs were not returning with strict injunctions to get their charges home before it wasn't *dark!*

PARTIES AND POLITENESS

AN EDWARDIAN MISS

Mr. C. B. Cochran, whose revue, "Looking at You," was presented in aid of charity at a midnight performance at the London Pavilion last week, and which was witnessed by the Prince of Wales, Prince George and the Duke and Duchess of York, with Mrs. Ronald Armstrong Jones. She is seen as the Shop Girl of 1904 and her frills, furbelows and matinée hat must have proved an eye-opener to the slim, trim girl of 1929

work—the Bentham Committee and the Society of Our Lady of Good Counsel. It will be an opportunity for those otherwise not permitted to enter, to visit and have tea in the historic halls of the Inn.

Bright-and-Early Young People

THE "Second Childhood" party which took place last week in Rutland Gate seems to have raised quite a storm in a teacup—or rather baby's bottle. There is nothing very terrible in young people dressing up as infants, whether they are Bright about it or not, and after all it is their own affair if they choose to don the garb of the nursery which they have left not so very long ago. What seems to have occasioned a quite understandable irritation in the hearts of the inhabitants of Rutland Gate was the fact that instead of restricting their activities to the house in which the party was held the guests staged a sort of motor racing carnival round and round the square in the wee sma' hoors of the morning, to the accompaniment of shouts, yells, catcalls and the hooting of motor horns.

Consideration Needed

NO one would be more annoyed than these exuberant souls if some official bigwig stepped in and introduced legislation which resulted in all parties ending at midnight, and the liberty of the subject would be hotly discussed. But surely the subject who tries to sleep through the early hours has quite as much right to be considered and protected as the one who chooses to herald a new dawn with shouts, yells, and the roar of motor engines. Young people, if they are worth their salt, should be high-spirited but they should also be considerate. A joke's a joke and fun's fun, as the sage observes, but the fun of other people is difficult to appreciate when it prevents you from sleeping! No one wants to be a "kill-joy," but surely there is nothing funny in unseemly and untimely noise.

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

My horses to follow continue to pop up at nice prices. Here are six more to note. They were all confidently supported to win, and losses should be regained in the near future.

PERILENA

(B. M., by Periosteum—Countess Lena). Owner, Mr. T. Rintoul. Trainer, Owner. Odds of 7 to 1, 6 to 1 and 5 to 1 were taken to "Blower" money at Nottingham when in the Holme Pierrepoint Selling Plate (six furlongs), but she failed by three-quarters of a length to Portraitist after a good race. Was unplaced at Epsom behind Berkeley Bridge.

STAFFA

(Br. C., by Swynford—Marriage Lines). Owner, Sir C. McLeod. Trainer, Higgs. Well ridden by C. Ray in the Elvaston Stakes (one mile three furlongs) at Nottingham, he finished second, one length behind Pure Knight There was always a strong flow of money for Staffa, and he started favourite. Over a mile at Ascot he finished fourth to Artist's Proof.

Racing Hints (continued)

DESPO

(B. F., by Syndrian—Despina). Owner, Mrs. Edgar Wallace. Trainer, J. Beary. Just before the bell rang was supported by "Blower" money to win the Arnold Selling Plate (five furlongs) at Nottingham. Was leading the field at the end of two furlongs, but could only finish fifth. Had previously won five furlongs at Folkestone, and should win again.

MARTAGON'S PRIDE

(C., by Blandford). Owner, Sir H. Cunliffe Owen. Trainer, O. Bell. Carrying 9st. 10lbs. failed by half a length to concede 10lbs. to Roral in the Salisbury Maiden Plate (five furlongs) at Salisbury. Was substantially backed. This colt is one to note for the Autumn. Previously won smartly at Wolverhampton.

PLADDA

(B. F., by Phalaris—Rothesay Bay). Owner, Lord Derby. Trainer, F. Butters. Retreated in the market after heavy money had arrived for the other horses in the Wilton Handicap (five furlongs) at Salisbury. Was up against something "hot" in Flying Phœnix, but she is improving and will pay to follow. Was favourite when running second to Blue Funk at Newcastle.

SILVER CASTOR

(Ch. C., by Duncan Gray—Maple Sugar). Owner, Mr. M. Vasey. Trainer, Owner. One to follow in the North. In the Bolsover Handicap (six furlongs) at Nottingham was backed from 100 to 8 down to 7 to 1, the "Blower" participating. Was beaten a head by Jarnick. Was third to Kudos at Haydock Park.

Sasha

"IS IT THE CALL I'M SEEKING?"

Anton Dolin putting his best step forward—and his hand to ear—in the Russian Ballet. He is seen in the new ballet, "Le Bal"

COMMENTS OF CHLOE

DENTISTS and DRIVERS

Illustrated by KIPPA

"They ought to wear black garments like a mediæval executioner and ask one's pardon"

I AM virtuous, and some people say I am pretty (myself, I find I have a strange charm), but I am definitely not brave. *Mais que voulez-vous?* One cannot have everything. Anyhow, day before yesterday I had to go to the dentist, having made an appointment with him the week before, and I am not the sort of girl who dresses in a bathing suit and does not go into the sea, or arranges to have dinner in a private room and then discovers that my mother would not like it, or makes an appointment with the dentist and does not keep it. So now you know exactly what I am like.

I CAME up very early and wandered about the Strand, and wondered whether I should go and see an Editor or two while waiting, but then I decided I wouldn't, because the only difference between the Editors and the dentist is that the former pay me and I pay the dentist. So I went and had a ham sandwich and a cup of tea, because, however unhappy I am, ham does cheer me an awful lot, only I like port with it best; but I was afraid that if I asked for port the waitress would think I was not really "refeened," as there seems to be so much misunderstanding about port.

AND then I went into the dentist's ante-room and wondered whether it would hurt as much as I thought it would. In old days, I am told, dentists had a musical box which played "The Maiden's Prayer," so that people who were waiting need not hear the screams of the other victims. What I want to know is, what was the maiden praying for? The idea seems to be that it was something sacred. I suppose in those days maidens only asked for sacred things.

Anyhow, as I was waiting, the woman whose agony was just over came out, and I wished I were she, with everything behind her while I was still bathed in the horrors of anticipation. But when she turned round I saw her face, and I was very glad that I was myself, even if the most awful agony awaited me.

SO then the dentist came skipping out, dressed all in white as if he were a sort of male vestal virgin. And I think

"The sort of girl who dresses in a bathing suit and does not go into the sea"

it is so silly that dentists dress themselves in this fashion, because they ought to wear black garments like a mediæval executioner, and ask one's pardon for what they are going to do on their knees. And he skipped towards me and squeaked, "I have lost your inlay." I couldn't think what he was talking about at first, till I realised that he meant the gadget he had been fashioning to put into the hole in my tooth. So now I must go through all that agony of anticipation again, and I feel that I might almost sue him for breach of promise.

"And we pulled up in front of each other"

S

YOU had better go and see the exhibition of pictures by Ninie Colmore at the Gieve Galleries. They are all horses and dogs, and as she knows a horse and a dog they are worth looking at. I like a little picture called "Musk" best of all. It shows a gun-dog sitting against the heather with the sun bringing out the golden glints in his coat. And then there is the big picture of G. Colman's hunter, which makes you go all sick with envy when you look at his clever head and the great reach of him in front of the saddle. Ninie paints her accessories properly, so that when you see a saddle lying on the ground you can almost see that it is a "Mayhew," and it doesn't look like a tea-cosy.

S

I ADMIRE her, for she has made her name through sheer cleverness and work, and now the discerning people are beginning to buy her stuff, because it is considered smart to have a picture of your favourite dog or horse signed with her extraordinary squiggle. She is the wife of Horace Colmore, who was one of the happy band of polo-players before the War. He was just not so good as Leslie Cheape and Noel Edwardes and that crowd, but he was much more amusing; and if you say to Freddie Guest, or Jack Wodehouse, "Have you seen old Horace lately?" they will yell with laughter and tell you one of Horace's latest exploits.

S

FOR some reason, I forget why, he took to flying during the War, and one day, when he was mouching through the air, his observer looked down and saw that they were over the enemy lines. So he yelled, "Go home, go home." Horace nodded and smiled, and repeated, "Yes, Bapaume." So the aeroplane was hit, and Horace and his observer fell, I forget how many thousand feet, but you don't kill people like Horace. And some surgeon took out most of his forehead and put in a gold plate, and there he is to this day. I love Horace, but I'd rather Ninie was married to him than me.

S

THIS morning I woke up and I thought, "What fun. To-day I am going to the Aldershot Horse and Hound Show." So I put on my new hat (the one you read about last week) and got into the Baby Austin, who is better than most "babies," because I have had her upholstered with a lovely cretonne in wallflowers of all golden and reddy shades. So I went along very nicely, till I came to the railway bridge after Guildford, on the hill. And there was a lorry drawn up on one side of the road, and down the hill came a char-a-banc. So when he saw me, he was no gentleman, and he going down the hill and being on the wrong side of the road and all, and he came on, and I came on, and we pulled up in front of each other by the lorry.

S

AND I said, "You're on the wrong side of the road, so you must just reverse and get out of my way." And he said, "Like 'ell I will." So I remembered I was a lady and that I must not be rough and rude, and I answered, "It is immaterial to me whether you reverse according to the methods practised in the Infernal regions, or whether you copy the manners of the angels, as long as you reverse."

WELL! a girl couldn't have been politer, could she? But the char-a-banc driver got quite angry, and he said, "You can stay there till you blinkin' well please. I don't move." So I remarked that this was very fortunate, as I was in no hurry, and I lit a cigarette, and the people in the cars behind me began hooting, and the driver lost his head and tried to reverse, and his gears all chattered like mad, and presently a policeman came along, and in five minutes the driver looked like a bit of wet rag.

S

IT shows that, however small one is, one must always be brave, and that in the end, if one is patient, everything comes out all right. So I went on to Aldershot, and when I presented my ticket at the entrance the man told me that the show was the next day. So I was very glad that I had not given in to the char-a-banc driver, because I do not think that I could have borne to be so badly thwarted twice in one day.

Chloe

NEXT WEEK'S "BYSTANDER"
will include a striking short story by
MISS PHYLLIS BOTTOME
entitled "FIRE"

WIMBLEDON AFTERTHOUGHTS

By PHYLLIS SATTERTHWAITE

Keystone

H. W. AUSTIN

The outstanding British player in this year's Championships. He reached the semi-final round of the Singles

Sport and General

MRS. COVELL

One of the most reliable of British women players. She captains the Wightman Cup team against America which sails on Saturday

Keystone

J. S. OLLIFF

Who, although only twenty, has already made a name for himself. The L.T.A. are sending him to play in the American Championships

AFTER a fortnight of Wimbledon one's mind seems a perfect welter of impressions, of every sort, kind, and description, from which emerges one great idea, which sticks in one's head and which all the famous old players knew so well, namely, that it takes a long time to make a lawn tennis champion, and that although our young players have done better this summer than at any other championship since the War, they still have a very long way to go.

TRUE we had an "All-English" ladies' doubles final and an extremely fine pair, Gregory and Collins, in the men's doubles, who fought young America in the shape of Van Ryn and Allison, most gallantly until the very end of a long five set match before they were defeated. In the singles, also, a very plucky young semi-finalist, "Bunny" Austin, who lowered the colours of many famous players this Wimbledon. Two ladies' semi-finalists, Miss Joan Ridley and Miss Tapscott, and, last but not least, a very fine English pair in the mixed doubles final, Miss Joan Fry and I. G. Collins, who defeated, amongst their numerous victims, Cochet and Miss Eileen Bennett.

BUT yet with all this and notwithstanding the fact, as I said before, that we have done better this Wimbledon than at any other since the War, there still seems to be a considerable number of rungs in the ladder to be climbed before our youngsters can attain the strength, the speed, and what I should call in one word, the *depth*, of Henri Cochet's game, or our girls the calm perfection of Miss Wills.

PEOPLE who do not really study the "book of form" at lawn tennis may not perhaps understand exactly what I mean, but even the most casual spectator could not possibly fail to be impressed by the really masterly way in which the "little man from Lyons," Henri Cochet, played his last two matches on the Centre Court, defeating both William Tilden and afterwards Jean Borotra setless, a feat which I am certain that no other living player of the present day (except possibly René Lacoste) could accomplish. I was so interested to hear what he thought of his own play in the Tilden match that I went down to see him afterwards to ask him if he was satisfied. His reply, given with that slow, rather "Pan-like" smile of his, was quite conclusive. "Yes, I think I have only once played better than that in my life."

MISS WILLS, too. What a big reserve of power lay behind her victories this Wimbledon. She is a far greater player than she was last year, and especially in her volleying there is a very great improvement, which was noticeable in her fine play in the mixed doubles event, which she won out of a very large and distinguished "field," partnered by Frank Hunter, who, although he is an extremely fine player, can hardly, I think, be reckoned as a mixed doubles "specialist."

WE can certainly congratulate ourselves upon having come out of the shadows in the lawn tennis picture this Wimbledon, and may fairly be said to be eligible for a more or less prominent place in the foreground. This is a very satisfactory state of affairs, and it is one for which we have all been waiting and working for for a long time. The English girls particularly deserve great credit, for, quite apart from our "seeded" players, we had three others, who were neither "seeded" nor in the Wightman Cup team (which leaves for America on July 20, by the way), namely, Miss Joan Ridley (who beat Mrs. Watson, Mlle. Kea Bouman and Fraulein Aussem, both seeded players); Miss Goldsack, who beat Mrs. Michell, the conqueror of Miss Betty Nuthall, and Mrs. McIlquham, who defeated Señorita de Alvarez, the finalist of the last three years.

THIS proves that our general standard is definitely going up and that we can count on more and more girl players capable of beating the big women "stars" of the tennis world today. Curiously enough, France, who is so all-powerful as far as the men's singles are concerned, has to take a very modest place in women's lawn tennis with the departure of Mlle. Lenglen. To sum up, the net result of this last fortnight's play seems, as I say, to leave France very definitely superior as far as the men's singles are concerned; America the first world power for the ladies' event. While in the doubles we may congratulate ourselves upon holding, I think, an almost equal position with America and France. I fancy our ladies will give a very good account of themselves in the States this year, while I feel confident also that, with the great improvement of young Austin and Sharpe in the singles, and the fine play of Gregory and Collins in the doubles, we should have a good chance of victory over Germany in the semi-final of the European zone of the Davis Cup.

BY TREYER EVANS

VISITOR (examining carved pew-ends in village church): *"And what does this represent?"*

CHURCH CLEANER: *"Well, the Vicar says it's a photo of Adam and Eve, but I don't think this church goes back as far as that"*

AT THE PLAY

VERY ENGLISH—BUT NOT

By VERNON

HENRY AINLEY AS FRASER

ROBERT ANDREWS

The Co-Optimists at the Vaudeville

No theatrical company could have had a warmer welcome than that given to the re-united Co-Optimists when they made their reappearance at the Vaudeville Theatre. It is true that their ranks were depleted in so far as Laddie Cliff is busily engaged elsewhere and the inimitable Gilbert Childs was not available, but to make up for their loss some newcomers filled the breach and the breaches most satisfactorily.

There was, for instance, Sydney Howard, a really clever comedian, whose face appears to have impressed upon it all the sorrows of all the ages. He has the perfect "phiz" for a comedian, and the more mournful he looks the more hearty is the laughter. His material is none of the best, but he triumphs completely over the obvious.

Charles Collins, also new, is an agile young man with an American accent and twinkling toes. Now that Laddie Cliff is away he brings to the company much needed strength in dancing, for neither Stanley Holloway nor Melville Gideon, nor, for the matter of that, Davy Burnaby, would consider Terpsichore the goddess who has endowed them with their greatest gifts!

As for the other new faces, that of Harry Pepper is generally concealed behind a grand piano, while Peggy Petronella, the last newcomer, has at the moment little to do besides looking bright and attractive, a feat which she encompasses with ease.

So far as the programme is concerned, though there are some good numbers, there are also some which are not so good. The finales, for instance, one burlesquing the "talkies" and called "The Hammersmith Broadway Melody," and the other, "Great Stuff This Bass," failed in their effect. I have never seen the real "Broadway Melody," so perhaps satirical points escaped me, but I have drunk Bass, and the last thing one expects to find in this most excellent malt liquor is that it is flat!

Still, there are some pleasant new numbers in the show, and some of the old ones it is an even greater pleasure to hear again. For instance, Melville Gideon singing "Ghost of a Chance," with Phyllis Monkman dancing as daintily as ever, is always a dish to be enjoyed, but why, oh, why, turn the limes full on the dancer as is done for a time. The effect of ghostliness is then absolutely ruined.

And who could not hear again Stanley

MARIE TEMPEST AS URSULA JEANS

VERY RUSSIAN

WOODHOUSE

Sketches of "The First Mrs. Fraser," at the Haymarket Theatre. By H. H. HARRIS

INGRAHAM BROWNE

Holloway recounting the adventures of Sam—a vocal recitation dealing with an alleged incident before Waterloo, which is clever enough to make Bill Adams appear very small beer indeed.

As for the others, Elsa Macfarlane's voice has greatly improved, and I could detect no signs of wear in the vocal chords of Betty Chester who, when she is not playing the fool with them, can "put across" a pathetic song with equal effect. Finally, there is Davy Burnaby, not too well provided with songs, but playing the Burnaby part in the accustomed Burnaby way.

"Come Backs" do not always succeed, but if the Co-Ops. will take the trouble to cut out several palpable weaknesses and fill these voids with some really clever sketches and the like, I think that this now happy band should find custom brisk for quite a long while.

"The First Mrs. Fraser," at the Haymarket

Harris (H. H.) has been to the Haymarket Theatre and come away with these impressions of the cast and very pleasant memories of the show, which is not surprising. Not only is *The First Mrs. Fraser* the biggest success which the Haymarket has had for quite a long while, but, in addition, it deserves to be. Author St. John Ervine has broken new ground in this play, and I think he will find the soil very remunerative. I suppose no one objects to making money, and if he has no rooted dislike to doing so, I hope that for his sake and ours he may give us more plays as amusing and true to life as *The First Mrs. Fraser.*

At Covent Garden

The Russian Ballet, it has been remarked, is to-day almost a national institution in London, and even if we regard some of the new ballets as verging on the ridiculous, with stiff and stilted actions, as in *The Prodigal Son,* it is a fault in the right direction to aim at something new, though many of us are getting sick of acrobatics as being overdone in place of the grace and poise of finished ballet dancing. It comes as a shock, too, to see huge bouquets and floral tributes given to the men whilst the *première ballerina* receives a mere nosegay! But apart from these blemishes there is no doubt that in pure choreography the Russian Ballet can put over classic work that is unequalled elsewhere, as in *Les Sylphides* and other numbers.

Of course the Russian Ballet is really only "Russian" by compliment. Espinosa himself, a great master and for long Pavlova's dancing partner, is really an Englishman, although of foreign descent. Most of the *ensemble* dancers are British, not forgetting also that many of the stars find it necessary to hide their true patronymic under foreign names. We English are arrant fools—and snobs. Why have we allowed the Russians to capture a reputation that does not belong to them and never did? V. W.

MARIE TEMPEST AS THE FIRST MRS FRASER

WITH THE VARSITIES

British Illustrations

Photographs

Sport and General

Photographs

Above are seen a general view of the ground during the tea interval, when the field of play is invaded by vast crowds who go ostensibly to inspect the pitch bu
Oxford (seen on the left) and Cambridge were stronger with the bat than with the ball, and one member of each team registered

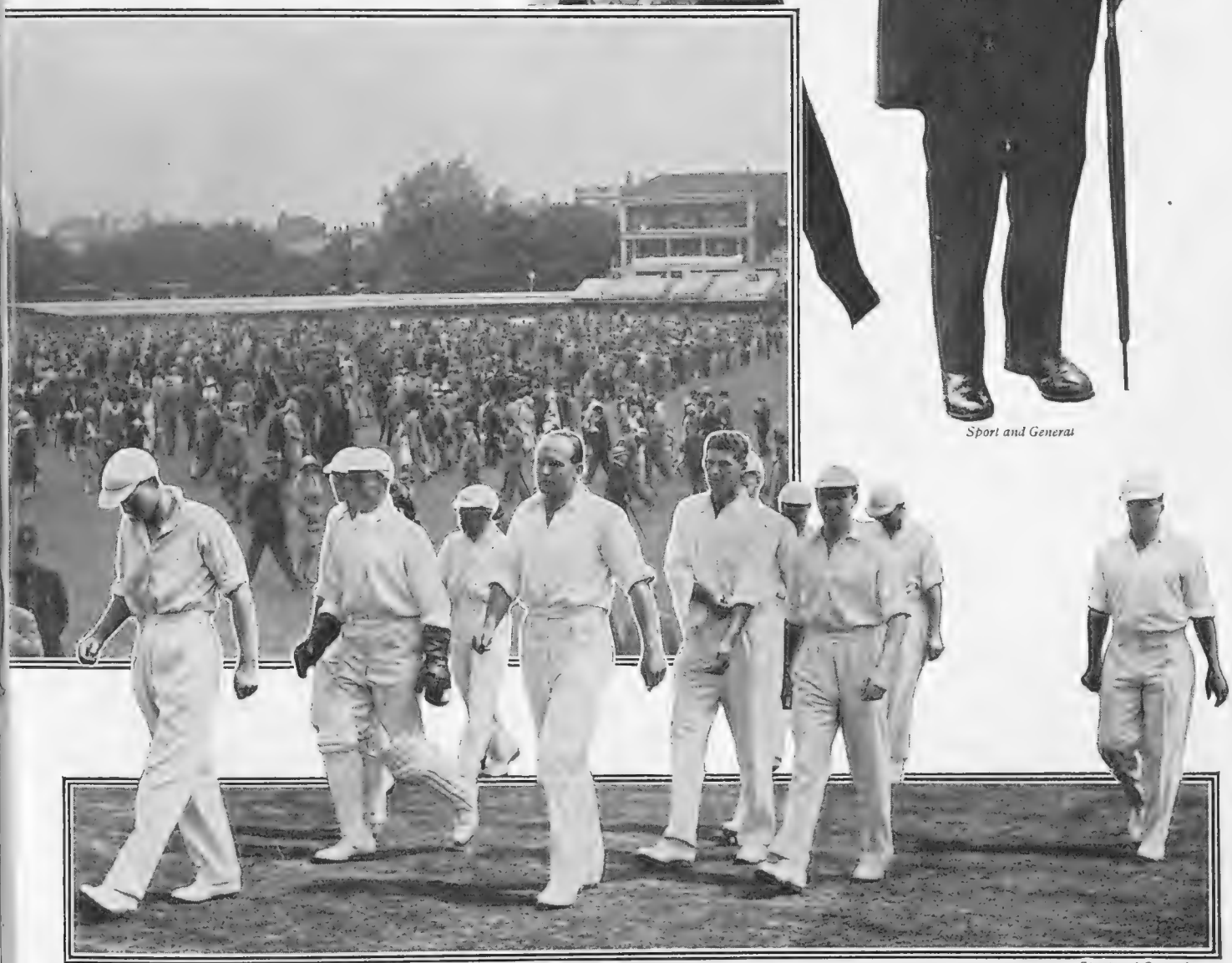
AT LORD'S

On the extreme left are Sir Kynaston Studd, the Lord Mayor of London, and Lady Studd. Sir Kynaston played for Cambridge from 1881 to 1884, and captained the side in his last year

Next to them, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin and Miss Baldwin are seen arriving at Lord's That Mr Baldwin carries his Safety First policy as far as the question of refreshment goes is proved by the lunch basket with which he is armed

On the right are Lady Plumer and Field-Marshal Lord Plumer, who followed the varying fortunes of the play at Lord's last week

Sport and General



Sport and General

more often to inspect each other's dresses and to renew old acquaintanceship, and the two teams who provide the raison d'être of the proceedings. This year both a first innings century, the Nawab of Pataudi scoring 106 for Oxford and the Cambridge wicket-keeper, J T. Morgan, knocking up 149

DOLORES COSTELLO AND RALPH GRAVES

In a scene from "The Glad Rag Doll," the "talkie" which opened at the Piccadilly Theatre last week. The story, which centres round the adventures of an actress who loses her job when a wealthy boy falls in love with her, is full of amusing situations

THOSE WHOM THE GODS LOVE

By HANNEN SWAFFER

Rita Martin

MISS LILY ELSIE

Who scored a big personal success when she returned to the stage in "The Blue Train"

WHEN I hear the phrase, "Staging a come-back," I always think of some poor ex-champion pugilist, groggy in the joints, rheumatic at the knees and with a bleary smile. It lasts two rounds.

Charlie Mitchell told me that when he fought Jim Corbett he was helped through the ropes and then he knelt down in the corner and said, "For what I am about to receive may the Lord make me truly thankful." "Then," added Mitchell, "I received it."

IT was not like that when the Co-Optimists came back, but, quite frankly, when I heard the "Bow-Wow" chorus and saw the spotlight centred on each one of the old pierrot faces I knew so well, I could not help thinking about what had happened since, two years before, they split up because of quarrelling after six years of record-breaking prosperity.

One of them had failed to get a living while acting as Master of Ceremonies in a hotel cabaret; another had gone to New York and started a show of his own which ran for only a fortnight; a third had tried several jobs but has lately been ill; a fourth, better off, had failed to impress as a leading lady; a fifth, after trying the legitimate stage, had scored a minor success suddenly on the talkies under another name.

TOGETHER, the Co-Ops were a great combination. Their artlessness was a change. Their pierhead humour brought back the ozone of the Edwardian period. They were more cleverly press-managed than any company had been for years.

Then some of them began to think that it was their individual greatness.

Quite frankly, when they came on again, the other night, I was thinking, not of the sound of their voices, but of the trials and tribulations that are covered by an actor's make-up.

Davy was as heavily cheerful as ever. Melville, though, cannot sing as well. Betty did amusingly her fog-horn imitations, while Stanley Holloway, of course, had a coster song.

It seemed nice to be back in England again, even if you were sitting on the beach.

OH, these come-backs are perilous things. Henry Ainley knew that the other night, when, after two and a half years of illness, and after two years of trying to get the poison out of his system, as he says, he was brought back as leading man by Alban Limpus, who had the courage to risk his venture upon the hope that Ainley could bear the strain.

There came one of those outbursts from the audience, to which accustomed playgoers grow used. Sometimes they mean a lot, sometimes they are only exaggerated sentiment, as was proved when, after wildly applauding Marie Tempest's entrance on her return from abroad, when the war was over, in *Good Gracious, Annabelle,* the same crowd delighted in roasting the play at the end.

Still, Ainley's welcome was justified.

Hay Wright'son

MISS VIOLET LORAINE

The famous "Bing Girl" and portrayer of Cockney humour, who was absent from the stage for several years before returning in "Clara Gibbings"

ACTRESSES WHO CAME BACK

Dorothy Wilding

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL

She has added to her very considerable number of laurels by her playing in the name-part of "The Matriarch"

In spite of great nervousness, which nearly made him break down when he came upon the stage, he mastered himself in a second and gave a very clever comedy performance.

He is right back where he was three years ago.

CONSTANCE COLLIER'S return was the most dramatic of all. Ainley had been tramping about the Roman roads of the Isle of Wight trying to get well. Constance, dying of diabetes, dragged herself to a train in Switzerland. Clara Butt, her old friend, had been to sing at what she thought was next to a funeral. Then came the news that insulin could cure. Constance, who weighed only six stone, was nearly blind. Yet they got her to a special train on a stretcher. . . .

Then one day I saw Constance in Ciro's. She was back from the grave. Not long afterwards, in *Our Betters*, she was achieving one of the comedy triumphs of our time, imitating Lady Michelham's voice, getting the utmost out of the funniest part that Somerset Maugham ever wrote.

Since then Constance has done many things. Yes, her book came out last week. She is in Hollywood, teaching Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford how to speak English—no, not in case Royalty calls to tea, but to please the great talkie public.

IT was for *Our Betters* that Lady de Bathe nearly came back. She was then seventy years old. They asked her to play the Constance Collier part, just as they asked Marie Tempest, originally, to play the part in which Margaret Bannerman afterwards appeared.

"Why should I worry about the stage?" Lily Langtry said to me. "Why should I live in a stuffy bedroom in London when I can go back to Monte Carlo and sit in my garden?"

Stage Photo Co.

MISS MABEL RUSSELL

Who, having given up politics—she sat in the House as Mrs. Hilton Philipson—returned to the stage in Galsworthy's "Exiled"

Besides, she did not want the money. When she died, a few months ago, she left about £40,000.

WHO would ever have thought that Lily Elsie would come back and make good?

"Oh, it was only her good looks," people used to say after her retirement, when they spoke of her achievements in *The Merry Widow*. "She couldn't do it now."

Yet, when Philip Ridgeway brought her back from marital ease in *The Blue Train*, she looked so beautiful that, although she is only a fair singer and a moderate dancer, she still possessed such irresistible charm that the next morning my heading consisted of the words, "Glorious Lily Elsie."

VIOLET LORAINE'S return was not so successful. Lily Elsie seems to have joined up with Ivor Novello for straight comedy work. Vi Loraine, after rejecting several offers for revue, tried a comedy part in *Clara Gibbings*, but it ran only about two months. She has now gone back to her baby.. Vi is too great a dear to waste her time on the stage.

MABEL RUSSELL, of course, broke all the records. She married and retired. She married again. She went into Parliament. Then, while still an M.P., she came back and acted—yes, and more than that, did a high kick. Not even Jix could have done that.

Then she sickened of Parliament and thought she would earn some money. So Leon M. Lion gave her a silly little part in *Exiled*, Galsworthy's new study in sociology.

I expect Mabel is now an actress for good, or—shall I say?—for better or worse.

I DO not know whether you would call Mrs. Pat Campbell's appearance in *The Matriarch* a come-back. She would do so in some of her moods, because it is not long ago that she told the New York newspapers quite frankly about her failure.

Now, in *The Matriarch*, she throws all her great comedy powers into a part that requires finesse and breadth and deep feeling and powers of tragedy. When she is at her best she can make the greatest of them guess, can Mrs. Pat.

Her come-back in *The Matriarch* is a come-back indeed. It has filled the Royalty Theatre. More, I cannot say.

OH, yes, then there are those Veterans of Variety. They got them together about six or seven years ago—Arthur Roberts, Tom Costello, Lily Burnand, Arthur Lennard and Sable Fern. Heavens, the arguments when they went on tour!

When these old favourites appeared at the Palladium and sang "The Miner's Dream of Home" and half a dozen other songs from our past, I saw strong men weeping.

Let me tell you a secret about these sentimental sobbings. We old playgoers are crying for ourselves, not for the artists. We remember all the parts we have acted, since last we saw them, and we know, too, that we ought to have acted better. We think of all the things we have left undone, and then we cry in the theatre, just like we do in church. . . . That is why a revival seems, sometimes, like a revival service.

H. S.

BY FOUET

"I believe a wheel's loose!"

"That'll suit me, I'm tired of these 'out-of-petrol excuses' myself!"

IF GOSSIP

Raphael

May Ludlow, a clever young lady who has no hesitation in wearing the breeches. She is playing in "The Show's the Thing," the cheery revue now running at the Victoria Palace

It is surprising that the authorities took so long to remove certain of D. H. Lawrence's paintings from the Warren Gallery. I climbed several flights of stairs somewhere in the neighbourhood of St. George's, Hanover Square, to have a look at these before I had any idea what they were like, which absolves me, I trust, from any charge of prurient curiosity. They were quite on a par with the less restrained portions of "Lady Chatterley's Lover" (there is no need to particularise further), the difference in artistic merit being that whereas Lawrence knows his job as a writer and can deal with an indecent subject in decent prose, as an artist he can do rather less with a paint brush than a child of seven without any natural flair. What might have been, possibly, attractively suggestive to a rather nasty-minded youth of seventeen, becomes, therefore, disgusting and rather silly.

The leading spirit of the Warren Gallery is Dorothy Warren, a tall, red-haired, clever girl, who, I remember, played a small part in a Cochran revue.

Recently I spoke of the lack of consideration displayed for foreigners who arrive at our ports after a nasty Channel crossing and find that often they cannot get alcoholic refreshment because it is "out of hours." A few evenings ago I found Newhaven again to blame and in an even more foolish respect. Some unfortunate French people landed and asked, as best they could (for they couldn't speak English), for a cup of coffee. They offered a ten-franc note, only to be told, promptly, "Sorry, we can't take foreign money." Fortunately I was able to come to the rescue and help along the *Entente Cordiale* to an infinitesimal extent.

But what nonsense this is! At Calais, Boulogne, and Dieppe English money is always taken, as a matter of course. It is true that far fewer French people journey to England than English people journey to France. It is not difficult to understand why.

The Diaghileff Ballet has not been drawing such large audiences to Covent Garden as the operas. The stalls have been fairly full each night, but not so the boxes. This is partly, I think, because the theatre is so large that enthusiasts cannot get so close to their idols as they do when the season is at His Majesty's, and also because there are not quite enough enthusiasts for the "ultra-modernites" to go

By Hynes

"Was Harold's wedding a swell affair?"
"Positively! Why, they even used puffed rice!"

WE MUST

round. It is, therefore, rather a mistake to drop from the repertoire many of the older ballets which would make a wider appeal. There is too great a tendency to regard all those who like any music other than that of Auric (alas, poor Auric!) and Prokoviev as out-of-date Philistines.

But in any event, ballet has neither the following nor the traditions of opera. Many people think that a ballet is an excellent thing to have in an opera, and so do I. A whole evening of dancing undiluted, however, can only attract a comparatively small section of the public.

MEANWHILE, opera, on popular lines, has been doing very well indeed at the Lyceum. How is it that the B.N.O.C. has died the death, high though the standard of its performances was, while the Carl Rosa is still flourishing after half a century's existence, with prospects more Carl-rosy than ever they were?

Meanwhile, we continue to hear of the approaching demolition of the acoustically exquisite Covent Garden. Sir Thomas Beecham, who doesn't like the place, is confident of being able to build a rival. Colonel Eustace Blois, who does like it, is equally optimistic about building a large theatre to succeed it. But one cannot erect spacious premises on specious promises.

LORD SHAFTESBURY is not the only nobleman who is also a tenor. At a delightful musical party Mr. and Mrs. Ralli gave at the Forum Club the other night, I heard Lord Dudley Gordon, second son of Lord and Lady Aberdeen, sing an "Ave Maria" and some Italian songs composed by the brilliant Toupie Lowther, a sister of Colonel Claude Lowther, of Hurstmonceaux, who died a few weeks ago. Lord Dudley Gordon's voice is not powerful, but it is very true and sympathetic. The hostess herself played the piano part in a violoncello concerto by the same composer, and Maria Sandra, tall and handsome, who used to sing at the Beecham concerts at the Albert Hall, sang some of her French songs. Musical parties are usually voted too dull and staid in these days of jazz and cocktails, but this was a most welcome exception. And the strawberries and cream helped.

IT is easy to pour ridicule on the dress reform people. But they were pathetically anxious, at the meeting I attended, to avoid ridicule, and I do not think, although I am far from being one of them, that they deserve it. If they wish to wear, in hot weather, woolly stockings that cling hotly round the knee, instead of thin socks that don't,

By Chicot

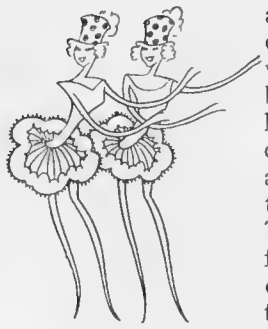
"Good heavens, a monkey! Why I always thought you hated the things"

"So I do, darling. But my woolly jumper shrank terribly and I just couldn't bear to waste it!"

Topical

Lord Wrottesley and Lady Patricia Ward watching a donkey going through a thorough vetting at the garden fête held at Lord Wrottesley's country seat, Wrottesley Park. It was in aid of the People's Dispensary for Sick Animals of the Poor

THE REVIVAL OF PRACTICAL JOKING



and a belt that constricts the waist instead of braces, which are hygienic and comfortable, by all means let them. Ernest Thesiger, who at fancy dress parties delights in anything exotic or Oriental in the way of costume, looked neat and at ease on the platform dressed as an adult Boy Scout; but Dr. Leonard Williams, a veteran from Harley Street, whom I used to meet at dinners of the Hunterian Society, not only said he was just as cool and comfortable in his morning coats and spats, but looked it.

WHERE there is room for reform in conventional male attire is in the matter of cleanliness. We send our suits to be cleaned and pressed occasionally, and they are, let us hope, brushed daily. But this, at any rate in London, is not enough. How often does it happen that a girl in a white evening frock complains that the arm of her black-coated partner leaves its mark. Hygienically speaking, suits should be sent to the wash just as shirts and collars are. This would, of course, ruin any suit of the present material. But the true dress reform will come when suits are made of a material which will not differ in appearance from that now in use, but which will enable them to be sent to the laundry at the end of the week, or certainly undergo a more thorough cleansing process than is at present possible.

I FIND that practical joking is breaking out afresh. Some of it is a little unkind, though not so idiotically unkind as the half-witted schemes on which some of the Great Victorian Humorists used to embark—for example, ordering tradespeople to deliver goods by the hundredweight at some unfortunate person's address. Burglary is now the craze. Not long ago a peeress's country house was burgled by some of her friends, who, one night, took away every scrap of food in it so thoroughly, indeed, that there was nothing for breakfast the next morning. All this food was quietly deposited on the steps of a neighbouring hospital, labelled "With Lady ——'s compliments." The really amusing sequel was that the hospital inserted a grateful paragraph in the local paper referring to Lady ——'s generosity.

One of the most subtle and enthusiastic organisers of practical jokes is Lady Violet Henderson, who has an overwhelming sense of humour and eschews jokes of the spiteful and utterly meaningless kind.

Central News

Players in the Pageant of Ashdown Forest rehearsing the incident which deals with the escape of Sir James Richards at the fall of Brambletye. The scene is set at the actual ruins of Brambletye, at Forest Row

I HAD always imagined that "say" was a colloquial American expression until, at the Independence Day banquet at the Savoy, the words of what poor old T. W. H. Crosland

HE: "I wish I had the
SHE: "Use' mine!"

HENRY AINLEY AND THE "TALKIES"

Hana

Lillebil Ibsen, who is appearing at the London Coliseum in a series of clever character studies She is a granddaughter of Henrik Ibsen, the famous dramatist, whose work was more serious in character

used to call "The Bar-spangled Tanner" were handed to me with the menu. Here "say" figures in a solemn and poetic context, and adds a startlingly modern touch to a revered anthem. A good idea, by the way, to have such words provided; and we might well follow suit with "God Bless the Prince of Wales," which is sung at nearly every public dinner in spite of the fact that "nobody knows the words but the Argentines, and the Portuguese, and the Greeks."

At this American dinner the guests, male and female, British and American, scream at each other like macaws. Professor Hibben's speech—an American admitting that America might have behaved a bit more generously in the matter of war-debts—gave them all something to scream about. I like Professor Hibben.

S

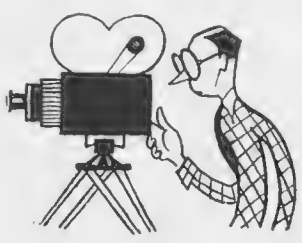
Eugene Goossens declared, after his production of his opera *Judith*, which was remarkable neither for tunefulness nor for anything else, that the English are apt to look upon melody too much from the point of view of "Home, Sweet Home." I wonder. And when Eugene Goossens writes a melody one quarter as good as "Home, Sweet Home" I shall wonder still more.

S

How the majority of people appreciate noise! I was at Ciro's the other evening when Herschel Henlere, described as the Mirthful Music Master, gave a turn. He started hitting the piano, and the harder he hit the inoffending keys the more those present seemed pleased. When he took up an instrument which was of the accordion pattern and made enough noise on it to waken the dead everybody seemed delighted, and when, finally, he played about fifteen different instruments at once—every one of them noisy—the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. I say that this was his final turn, but I cannot speak with certainty about this because I suddenly remembered a pressing engagement which called me elsewhere!

S

And so Henry Ainley, who we recently welcomed back to the West End stage after his long and painful illness, is going on the "talkies." I hope he will not be in a hurry to do so, because no apparatus as yet invented has managed to reproduce all of the tones of the human voice correctly. One may "deliver the goods" in the upper register; another may make a good imitation of the lower register of the speaking voice, but if my informant—who is working on the problem at the present time—is correct, no apparatus can do both. As in years to come these reproductions will still be in existence, it would be a pity if posterity were misled. Henry Ainley has one of the most beautiful voices it is possible to imagine, and to caricature it by allowing immature "talkies" to work their wicked will on it would be nothing short of a crime. Indeed, the "celluloid voices" of the 1929 film sound little or no better than the "tinned voices" of the phonograph of 1899. And that's saying a lot!



TO BRITISH SCULPTORS

"Morning," Jacob Epstein's latest and ugliest effort, was recently unveiled at St James's Park Underground Station.

WE always used to understand
That Art and Charm went hand in hand
And never liked a work unless
It was devoid of ugliness.
We even said that Beauty should
Be found in any work that's good—
Then gentle Jacob came along
And proved our silly notions wrong.

Of blatant coarseness crude and rough
We really cannot have enough;
And all you sculptors who'd succeed
To nightmare shapes must now pay heed,
And spurning English views on Art
Must set all thoughts of grace apart
And see things true and see them whole
As though each were a Russian Pole

Just wait till you've a bad attack
Of liver, then proceed to hack
A chunk of stone about till it's
The ghastly thing one sees in fits
And call it "Mother-Instinct" or
"Morning-after-Night-Before"—
Then, if of Soul you've got one jot,
Just set to work and smash the lot.

B. W.

By Starr Wood

cheek to kiss you"

FILM NOTES

THE GERMAN

By LADY ELEANOR SMITH

Pauline Starke as she appears in the coloured—and colourful—film, "The Viking," at the Marble Arch Pavilion. She takes the part of Helga, the Norse maid

"The Homecoming," at the Regal

WHILE London cinemas are now being rent by shouts and speeches and the drone of harsh voices, the Ufa Company is still proceeding with the business of sending us the pick of its silent films; and at a time when we are being regaled with a series of hastily photographed stage plays, highly uninteresting from the point of view of film technique, the Germans seem to be concentrating upon an offensive of lavishly produced and exquisitely photographed spectacles.

THE result is curious. When we now see American silent films there is no doubt that something very vital is lacking; these are puppets, grotesquely mouthing words; remote shadows, engaged in feeble and ridiculous pantomime. Yet with the two German films which have recently been shown here, so artful is the slant of the camera, so cleverly and subtly are the puppets sent about their bidding by brilliant directors, that the spoken word becomes entirely unnecessary, and one has not for one second the strange sensation of having become suddenly deaf.

THESE Ufa actors are, in fact, so expressive in their silence that one must pay them the compliment of observing that they make the spectators completely forget the mechanical marvel of the Talkies. And, furthermore, however popular, however perfect, the talking picture may become in the future, there should always be an enthusiastic public for such imaginative and intelligent silent films as have come to us lately from Germany and the Ufa studios.

"THE Homecoming" is an Erich Pommer-Joe May production, and while it does not touch the heights of earlier Pommer films it nevertheless remains a picture of the greatest interest and sincerity. Yet its theme is simplicity that at times approaches banality.

TWO German prisoners of war in Russia strike up a close friendship. Richard is always describing his beloved wife to Karl, and soon Karl is familiar not only with Anna's appearance, but also with her character, her tastes, and her home. And then these two men escape. While they are attempting to cross the Siberian desert Richard is recaptured and put to work in the lead mines, but Karl, more for-

Eric the Red upbraids his son for having become a Christian. Another scene from "The Viking," which is a silent film

OFFENSIVE

tunate, succeeds in gaining the German border.

HIS first thought is to visit Richard's wife, and almost at once Karl and Anna fall in love with one another. Then, soon after the cessation of hostilities, Richard walks casually into the house and finds them in each others' arms. At first he is outraged, and pulling out his revolver prepares to murder his false friend, but he finds that he cannot shoot, for the memories of his affection for this man are too strong. Neither can he forget that Karl saved his life in the desert, and, realising that there is no place for him in this post-war world that has changed so tragically, he goes off to the docks and obtains a berth on a tramp ship.

Richard (Lars Hansen) overtaken by the Cossacks. An exciting incident in the new film, "The Homecoming"

PERHAPS the most impressive scenes of this film are those showing Karl, grief-stricken, miserable, torn between his love for the woman and his fondness for his friend, rushing down to the harbour in a frenzied search to obtain Richard's forgiveness before the boat sails. He finds his friend and is forgiven, and Richard starts on a voyage from which he will never again return to interfere with them.

THE beginning and end of the picture are very much better than the middle sequences, owing to the fact that Richard's return, so long anticipated, is, in fact, something of an anti-climax, causing the action of the story to drag. The opening scenes, depicting the unfolding of the curious friendship between these two lonely men, are excellent in their expression of an atmosphere terrible in its desolation and depression. Lars Hansen plays Richard with a melancholy gusto very suitable for the part, but it is Gustav Froelich, tremendously improved since the days of "Metropolis," whose performance as Karl remain most vividly in the mind. Mr. Froelich no longer romps across the screen with boyish impetuosity; Pommer has done what Fritz Lang was unable to achieve, and made of this young man a sincere and capable actor. Dita Parlo, in the rather subordinate part of Anna, shows that she, too, has improved since the "Hungarian Rhapsody," having learned that there are other methods of conveying emotion than those of pouting and tossing her head coquettishly.

Karl (Gustav Froelich) buys flowers from an old seller. Another scene from "The Homecoming," now being shown at the Regal Cinema, Marble Arch

"The Viking," at Marble Arch Pavilion

NOWADAYS our screen fare seems to be almost entirely composed of stories representing the boring adventures of half-baked crooks, witless pugilists, and screaming chorus-girls; surfeited with dozens of such gloomy pictures I found "The Viking" a refreshment and relief for which I shall be eternally grateful. This huge spectacular drama, which is photographed throughout in natural colour, reminds one not a little of "Ben Hur," especially when we watch its galley-slaves toil to the same awe-inspiring musical *motif*, but of the two films "The Viking," although conceived on a smaller scale, has in many ways the better story to tell.

TRUE, the whole affair is at first reminiscent of an expensive highly-coloured picture postcard, and one misses the clear-cut sharpness of ordinary black-and-white photography, but I have so often seen the real sea look like a picture postcard that I am ill-prepared to criticise so small a flaw. The fact remains that "The Viking" is the thrilling screen epic of a mighty people, and as such should be seen by all who care for something original in the way of films.

THIS production is, incidentally, remarkable for establishing as a star Miss Pauline Starke, not long ago a colourless and obscure young actress. In "The Viking" Miss Starke has developed into a radiant beauty, full of fire and spirit, and she is ably supported by Donald Crispe, in the rôle of Lief Ericssen, and Leroy Mason, as an English slave. E. S.

BY JACK GREENALL

"I care nothing for my husband now"
"But that doesn't stop you from living on his 'account,' does it, dear?"

BY VERNON WARD

THE BOLT from the BLUE

HOOD-W

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

WINKED!

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C.F.H.

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

SIX-THIRTY-FIVE TO STROUD

By JOHN HASTINGS TURNER

Illustrated by Webster Murray

FOR the third time the great nerve specialist missed a twelve-inch putt and explained that what was wanted was perfect co-ordination of hand and eye.

"Now we'll have some tea," he said, "and I'll tell you a story."

In a corner of the club lounge I made myself comfortable to listen. The story, perhaps, would be a bore, but nothing in heaven or on earth would prevent the doctor telling it.

"A fellow came to see me," he began, "some months ago, in about as bad a shape as I've seen a man—and I've seen some," he added grimly. "Young chap—twenty-three or four, perhaps, and utterly unstuck. Morale clean gone." He paused and, as it seemed that he waited for an interjection, I obliged.

"Drugs?" I asked. The doctor liked interjections, but he liked them short.

He shook his head.

"No. I won't say he hadn't been overdoing the alcohol a bit. But he was no drunkard. He lived in a state of perpetual funk, you see, and he used to drink to keep it under."

"What was he afraid of?" I asked.

"He was afraid of wheels," answered my friend. "Of wheels and enclosed spaces. Nothing unusual about an obsession, you'll say. But see where this one leads him! If he'd had one or the other he might have been all right, but, with both, he had to be on a Scottish moor, or nowhere!"

"What about the sea?" I put in.

"Oh, grand idea!" laughed the doctor. "Ever know any place more confined than below decks at sea? If I'd sent that boy on a voyage he'd have been overboard in twelve hours. Do you know that when he came to me he'd spent the last four nights walking Hampstead Heath and running at the sight of the first lorry that rolled along the Spaniards Road in the morning? He was all in. I tell you he knelt to me and cried like a child!"

HE stopped and lit a cigar. Knowing my friend, I knew also how this story was going to end. That was with the miraculous and subtle cure effected by himself. But I'd got to have it, so I thought I might as well help.

"Do you call a case like that insane?" I asked.

"Nothing like it," he snapped. "Insanity is, as a rule, a question of a permanent delusion."

"But his wheels and things," I argued, "weren't they delusions?"

"Nothing of the sort," he replied. "They were there, weren't they? They existed?"

I admitted the fact. He blew a delicate smoke-ring and watched it sidle up to the ceiling.

"That chap, to-day," he said impressively, "is as fit as a fiddle: fit as you or I." He gave me a keen look. "Fitter than you, Henry," he added. "You smoke too much."

"All right," I answered. "I know that. I'm not going to do anything about it. How did you cure the man?"

"Give you three guesses," he said. I cursed wearily to myself. I do so hate that way of telling a story.

"I give it up," I replied, weakly.

"First of all, I gave him a strong brandy-and-soda."

"Hang it," I said. "If that's all there is in being England's most famous nerve specialist, it's a gift."

"That was merely to make him—er—receptive," answered the doctor. "You can't make suggestions to a man who's on his knees, howling. I gave him a stiff brandy-and-soda, and I made him sit—bolt upright—in a hard chair for ten minutes. See the point of that?"

"No," I replied. I was getting bored.

"Suggestion. Make him feel self-reliant. Straight in the backbone—see? If I'd told him to lie on the sofa, he'd have gone on thinking himself a wreck. Well, the brandy began to work. Sobered him up, so to speak—and when I thought he was pretty well ripe I told him.

"I told him he'd got to take a job of work that I'd find for him, and that he'd got to swear on his honour to stick to it for a fortnight. He swore. He hedged for a bit, for he was the kind of chap who'd be pretty well tormented if he thought he'd gone back on his word. But in the end he swore. Then I told him to come back to me in four days and not do in more than two bottles of whisky in the interval. He went out stiffer. I'd given him hope, you see."

"And a strong brandy-and-soda," I suggested.

"The effect of *that*," began my friend, in a tone of earnest correction, but I interrupted him.

"I know," I said. "I was only teasing!"

"Silly," he growled; "silly sort of joke, that. Well, I'll just tell you the finish and then we must be moving. I got him the job I had in mind. What do you think it was?"

I signified ignorance.

"Waiter on the evening train from Paddington to the West." He brought it out with an air of triumph.

"Good heavens!" I said. "But——"

"Exactly," he beamed. "Wheels and enclosed spaces! You can't get away from them!"

"How did you know he wouldn't throw himself off the train?"

"Couldn't. No time—dashing backwards and forwards with fish and vegetables and stuff. Wheels and walls *and* occupation, you see?"

"It seems to me," I answered, "that you took a considerable risk!"

"So does a surgeon," he replied. That seemed unanswerable. I refilled my pipe. After all, although he was a bore the doctor was undeniably clever. I mean, it took a subtle sort of brain to think of that. Moreover, he'd brought it off—and, after all, that's the answer. I take it that's all that's meant by success in any walk of life. By George, yes—the doctor had been clever! The more one thought of it. . . . I leant across the table to him. "Sir Herbert Farringdon," I said, elaborately, "I take off my hat. You are a very clever man."

He is, and I like him, but he has his faults. He preens himself. He did it now. He looked exactly like a bird having a bath.

"AHA!" he said (or something that can only be written like that). "Well, Henry, one likes to feel—you know, one likes to feel one's got a lame dog well and safely over a stile."

"Of course," I wanted desperately to say, "and had five guineas handed to one in addition!" But I didn't. After all, he was going to drive me back to London. And I do

(All rights strictly reserved)

hate any kind of "atmosphere" in a car. I'm a weak man, I'm afraid. Take tobacco, for instance——

WELL, that's where the doctor's story ended. And where mine begins. Moreover, I'm fighting hard now against the temptation to tell old Herbert *my* story. Especially as we're playing golf again next Saturday.

You see, about a month after he'd told me his story, I had to go down to Stroud, which is a dull place in Gloucestershire, to address a Conservative meeting, which is duller. There's a perfectly awful hotel at Stroud—but that doesn't matter. Only it is one of the reasons why I travelled on the six-thirty-five, on which you can dine. Well, they call it that, but it's not what I call turbot, and it's not what I call lamb. However, there I was, back to the engine, opposite a young fellow travelling with a girl—his wife, I supposed. A waiter, balancing himself like a skilled juggler, handed me a plate of hot grease. That is to say, fairly hot grease. He did the same for the girl and the young man, and he did it with the air of one conferring a favour. I took a spoonful of the grease, touched my tongue with it, and returned the spoon permanently to the plate with a sigh. I became aware of the young man opposite to me smiling.

"It really is beastly, isn't it?" he said, in a voice that was charming.

The girl said nothing, but she smiled. One felt one didn't need to say anything with a smile like that.

"It's really disgraceful," I said, "considering what they charge for the meal.

The waiter reappeared, cannoning down the compartment with four plates of turbot. Train turbot, but just as slippery as the real thing. The young man followed him with his eyes.

"By George!" he murmured, "I'm sorry for those fellows."

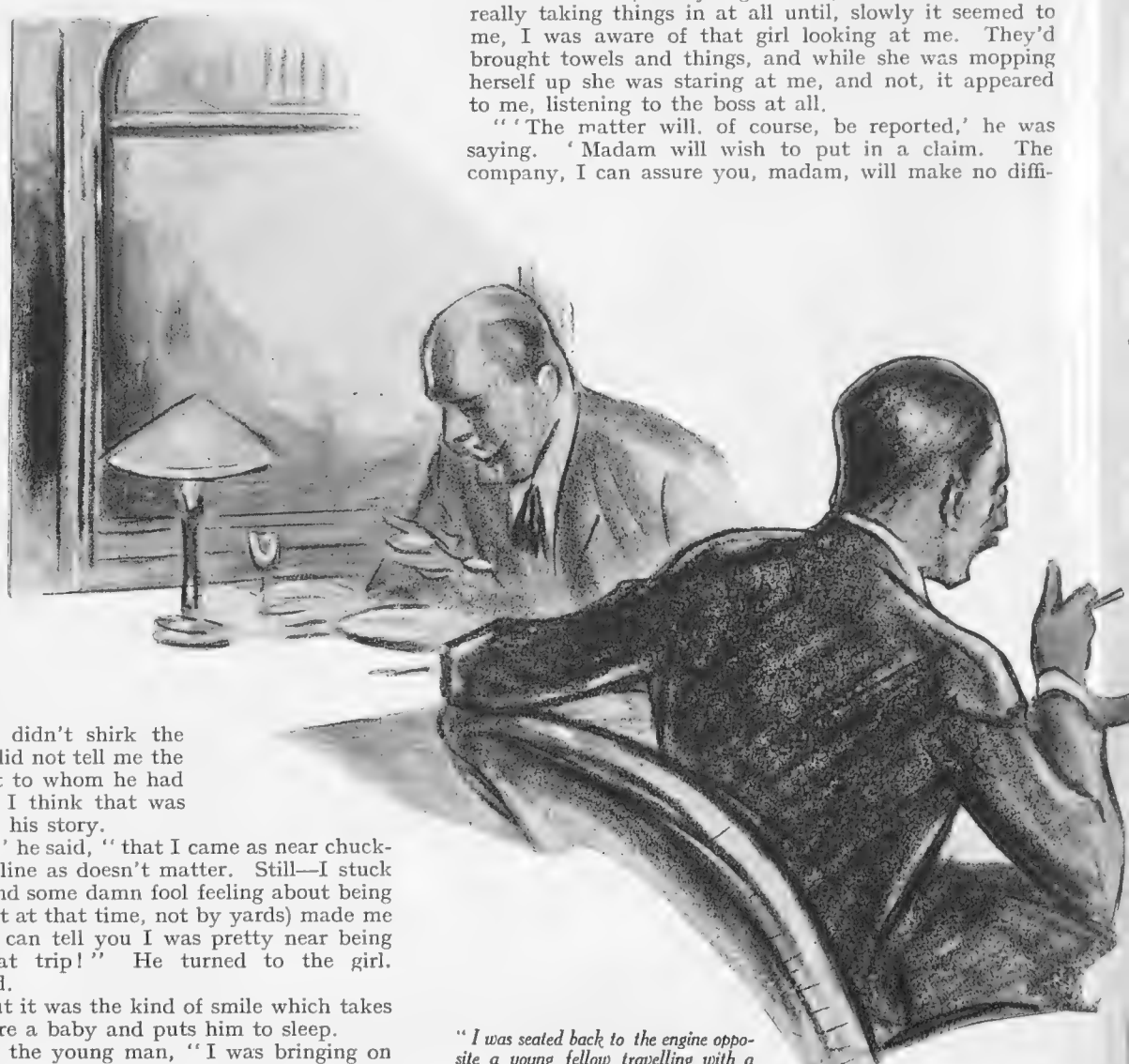
The train lurched heavily over points.

"I did it once myself," he said.

"Really?" I asked.

"For a fortnight," he replied, and added, turning to the girl. "It's an entertaining story for a journey. May I?"

She smiled again. It was quite evident that she was completely happy.



"I was seated back to the engine opposite a young fellow travelling with a girl—his wife, I supposed"

YOU know the story he told me. At least, you know the first half of it. He was youthfully and very charmingly ashamed of his nervous condition at the time, but he didn't shirk the thing. Moreover, he did not tell me the name of the specialist to whom he had gone in his trouble. I think that was because of the end of his story.

"I can assure you," he said, "that I came as near chucking myself on to the line as doesn't matter. Still—I stuck it the first journey, and some damn fool feeling about being a man (which I wasn't at that time, not by yards) made me try the next trip. I can tell you I was pretty near being a raving lunatic that trip!" He turned to the girl. "Wasn't I?" he said.

She only smiled, but it was the kind of smile which takes a man up as if he were a baby and puts him to sleep.

"Well," continued the young man, "I was bringing on a sweet; they call it fruit salad. It was the second dinner, and we weren't very full. There was a lady dining alone at the end of the car. I'd reached her with a plate of the stuff, when something snapped. I can't explain to you what happened in any other way. Something seemed actually to snap—with a kind of singing noise, like a taut wire. All I realised was the noise of those infernal wheels in my ears and a desire—a paramount desire—to smash the sides of the car and get out into the open. The next thing I knew was that I'd smashed the plate down in front of the girl and covered her all over with fruit salad. There was a bit of tinned pineapple in her hat, I remember. Well, all I could do was just to stand and stare and listen to those infernal wheels. I daresay I said something about 'em, too! I tell you, I was pretty well raving. The next thing, of course, was the arrival of the head bloke and a real good row. He said I was drunk. I don't know really what he said. I can only remember the definite sensation of the blood coming to my face as I realised how I was being shamed in front of that girl. But I didn't give him any answer. I just stood there and heard the wheels go round, and wished I could die. Nerves, you know. In the ordinary way I'd have sloshed him in the jaw."

He paused, and took some swaying potatoes as the train rocked past a line of lights.

"Ah," he said, "Reading." And then, after an interval of eating, he looked up.

"Does this bore you?" he asked.

"Certainly not," I answered. It's the kind of thing one so often says untruthfully that it was quite a thrill to be able to put sincerity into it.

"WELL," he continued, "as I was saying, I just stood there, looking, I suppose, like a damn fool or else hopelessly tight. I just stood there, not really taking things in at all until, slowly it seemed to me, I was aware of that girl looking at me. They'd brought towels and things, and while she was mopping herself up she was staring at me, and not, it appeared to me, listening to the boss at all.

"'The matter will, of course, be reported,' he was saying. 'Madam will wish to put in a claim. The company, I can assure you, madam, will make no diffi-

culty. I will give you the address to which to forward your claim.'

"And so on and such-and-such. A man intent on keeping his job, you understand. He couldn't take any other line, poor devil. But all the time the girl never looked at him. She was staring at me. I think the other bloke became aware of it, for he dried up all of a sudden and stood shifting from one foot to another and playing with a table-napkin. All he wanted, poor brute, was to know there wasn't going to be too much trouble and to get his *congé*. Well, he got both.

"Eh?" He turned to the waiter. "No—no sweet, thank you. Ye gods! fruit salad again!" But the girl at his side accepted the plate and murmured, "Cream." Milk was brought in due course, and the young man went on.

"You get the scene?" he said. "Me just stuck, listening to the wheels, and the other fellow stuck, too—wondering what the girl was going to say. Well, when she did speak what she said was absolutely amazing. She never looked at the boss, she never took her eyes off me. And what she said, in the most ordinary, level tone you can imagine, was: 'This man isn't drunk, and I've no complaint to make. He will, please, have a cup of coffee with me, and a liqueur brandy.'

"The boss began to stammer something, but she cut him short.

"'Is there any regulation against it?' she asked.

"Well, how could there be? I mean, you don't legislate for that kind of thing. The boss just had to go and do it. And, though I don't think he cared much about it, I do think he had a certain sense of relief.

"I just sat down in the chair opposite and looked at that girl helplessly.

"'Have a cigarette?' she said

"I took one from her case, and she held a match for me.

"I tried to say something, but she cut me short.

"'We'll talk after the coffee,' she said. And she never opened her mouth again until I'd had my coffee, and drunk my brandy, too.

"Then I said, foolishly, 'What's all this mean?'

"She answered me slowly.

"'In the first place,' she said, 'you're not drunk; in the second place, you're not a waiter.'

"She paused. And then, just as if she was saying, 'It's a fine night,' or 'We're on time,' or something commonplace like that, she added, 'And if you're not damn careful you'll find you're not even a man.'

"That was where I put down my empty glass and nearly broke it.

"I SUPPOSE I must have looked queer, for she leaned across the table and asked me what I was listening to.

"I told her I was listening to the wheels. And after that, of course, I told her the whole story.

"Then she talked to me—and, either because of what she said, which I can't remember, or because I was in love with her, which I can remember, I forgot to listen to the wheels.

"At last she leant back in her seat and lighted another cigarette.

"'Now go,' she said, 'and get out of that uniform and come back.'

"I did so. The other passengers looked at us oddly. I don't blame 'em. But that girl never turned a hair.

"'We get out at Cheltenham' she said.

"I don't think I made any remark at all. I felt utterly at peace. Indeed, I rather liked the hum of the wheels.

"But I was cured. An amazing deep peace folded me round, like a woman's arms."

"I oughtn't to have said that," he murmured. "Sounds sloppy—but I'm hanged if I can explain what I felt any other way."

I said nothing. I just waited for more.

"OH, there's no more," he answered. "There was a car waiting for her at Cheltenham—she lived out on the Slad, and she took me to her people's house. Oh, yes—there was one more amazing miracle. Her people were just like herself. They never asked a question even!

"And that's all. By George!" he added, "that's Chalford. We'll be running into Stroud in a minute."

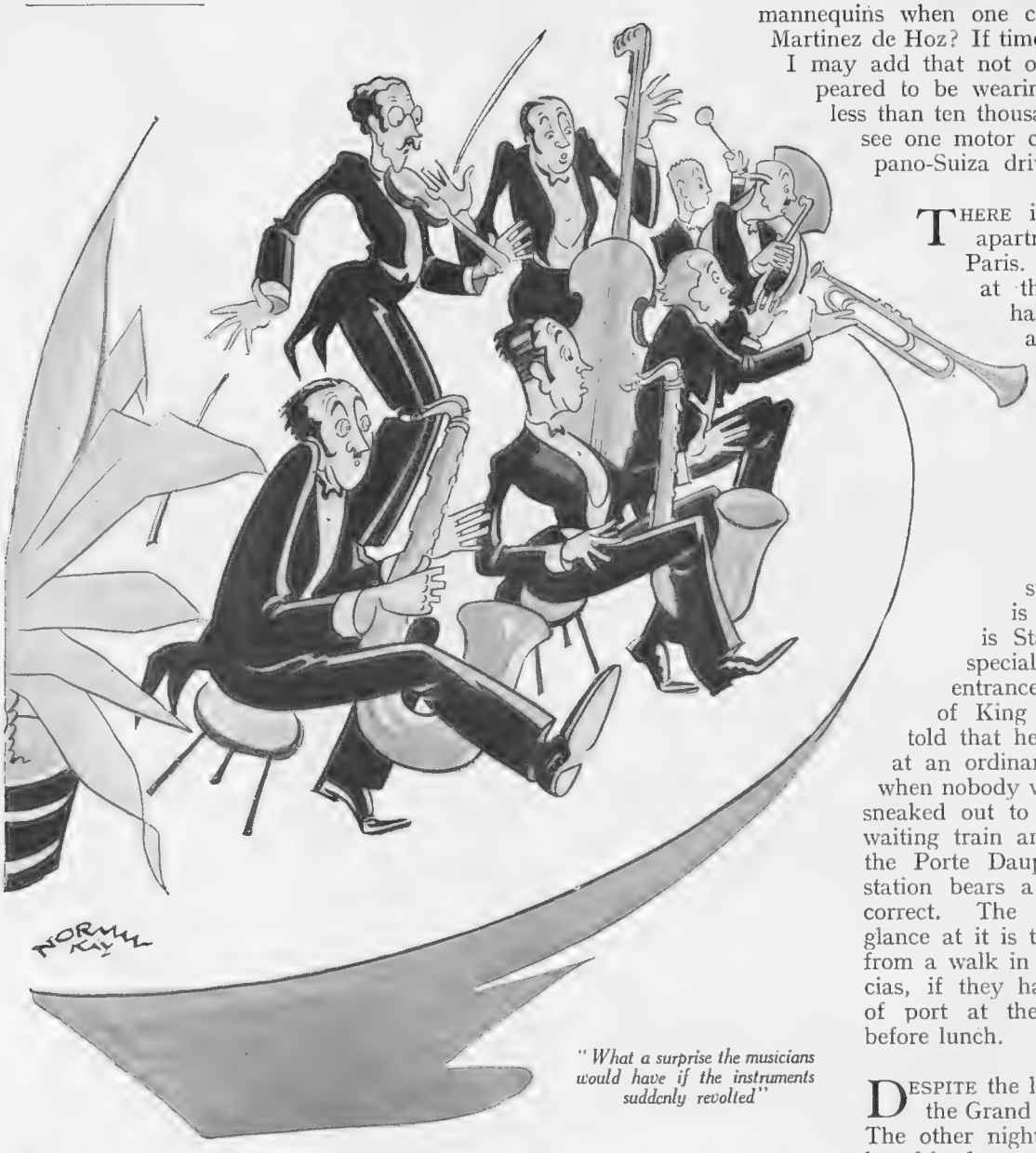
"Do you get out there?" I asked.

"No, I and my wife go on to Cheltenham."

I took my leave, and she smiled at me.

It was only when I was being bumped along the corridor that I realised that she had done nothing but smile throughout the journey. And, even so, it struck me that she had been the one thing I remembered as a human being at that table. Queer! Well, that's the story. It raises many problems, psychological and others—but my immediate problem is whether or not I will tell Sir Herbert over tea at the golf club next Saturday. I think not.

J. H. T.

PARIS GOSSIP

"What a surprise the musicians would have if the instruments suddenly revolted"

PARTIES, APARTMENTS AND POTENTATES

By SYLVIA LYON *Illustrated by NORMAN KAY*

My goodness, how relieved everyone is that the Grande Semaine is over, *sans blague, Gott sei dank*! So Hotweed won the Grand Prix, and Esmond, the owner, gave one hundred thousand francs to the poor of Paris. I would like to see what the poor of Paris look like. One hears that business is bad, but I do not hear of anyone going out of business.

The annual garden-party at the Polo de Paris at Bagatelle seems to be the event of the season, because on the invitations the men are told to appear *"en jacquette et chapeau haute de forme,"* because the President of the Republique is to be there. To my mind two things spoil the garden party: too many invitations are sent out to members' friends, and these friends, if not in a member's party, have to occupy tables in one section, and are called *"invités payants,"* which means they must pay for the tea. It's a very small amount, but an invitation should be an invitation.

The other element which seems out of place at the Polo, which is the most beautiful spot in Paris, is the mannequin parade. This puts a professional stamp on the garden-party which spoils it completely. Besides, who wants to look at professional mannequins when one can look at Madame Martinez de Hoz? If times are bad in France, I may add that not one woman there appeared to be wearing a costume costing less than ten thousand francs, nor did I see one motor cheaper than an Hispano-Suiza drive into the grounds.

There is not one shop or apartment vacant in Paris. The old fortifications at the edge of the Bois have been demolished, and great apartments are to be built upon this heavenly location, where the Avenue Foch faces the Porte Dauphine. At the left-hand side of the avenue is the little white railroad station where Royalty is received if the visit is State. Now for very special royalty, like the final entrance into the great world of King Amanullah, I was told that he really entered Paris at an ordinary station, and then, when nobody was looking, his party sneaked out to the Bois, boarded a waiting train and came tooting into the Porte Dauphine station. This station bears a clock. It is never correct. The only reason people glance at it is to see, after returning from a walk in the Avenue des Acacias, if they have time for a glass of port at the Pavillon Dauphine before lunch.

Despite the lateness of the season, the Grand Ecart is still crowded. The other night, upon arriving, the boy-friend went out to telephone, at least, that is what he said, and when he returned he exclaimed, "Why, there is Tallulah Bankhead at the table opposite!" "Oh, is that Tallulah," I said, "I did not recognise her with so many clothes on. And to think that you left me all alone here for five minutes, and there is Tallulah. . . . How I have wasted my time. . . ." Whereupon the terrible look Edward gave me should have frozen his face, or mine. The only trouble with the Grand Ecart is that it never occurs to the band to import a little new music. What a surprise the musicians would have if the instruments suddenly revolted and started playing new music of their own accord.

Daylight-saving did funny things to the Avenue Montaigne recently. At half-past six the avenue was filled with people going to hear Wagnerian opera straight from Bayreuth at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. I went to hear Siegfried,

(Continued on page 150)

A new portrait of that popular musical comedy favourite, Miss Dorothy Dickson, specially taken for THE BYSTANDER *by Sasha. Miss Dickson and Mr. Arthur Margetson recently took over two of the leading parts in "Hold Everything," the musical play now running at the Palace Theatre*

PARIS GOSSIP (continued from page 148)

but I can tell you that I was not ready for it at half-past six. I joined some friends at nine o'clock, and it was too amusing to see people coming out of the nearby Plaza Athenée, where they had time to dine.

DINNER was also served in the theatre, which was sold out for every performance, stalls going for two hundred francs. It was a great shock to me, knowing what an advance Germany has given to stage-production, to see the same childish, snorting dragon, and the ridiculous settings that resemble the little scenic interiors of Easter eggs given to children in America. Wagner himself will never date, although he is so realistic, but something could be done to modernise the scenarios of Wagnerian opera. There is something so absurd about Siegfried when he whittles a tree branch into a flute, and when he plays upon it the whole opera becomes burlesque. I started to laugh, choked on a chocolate, was begged by my hosts to behave, settled down to look serious, and fell asleep.

"There is something so absurd about Siegfried when he whittles a tree branch into a flute and plays on it"

NOBODY admits going to that banality, the Grand Prix Ball at the Opera. The week seems to have been given over to parties given by Rothschilds: Henri (three parties at his new Théâtre Pigalle, one for the Press, one for Society, one for the left-overs) — Robert, Eugène and Maurice. The last always gives marvellous favours, for which there is a frantic scramble, one woman having her lip cut by the jewelled top of a bag thrown at her by her generous host.

IT is a known fact that many young men around town obtain invitations in this odd manner: they attend funerals of people prominent in society, and sign the church registers. These lists are always published in the newspapers the day following the funeral. Certain funeral guests' names gradually become familiar to the readers, and sooner or later these ghoulish climbers are included in the larger invitation lists.

THERE is one Parisienne whose job is to gather funeral material for the columns of *Figaro*. She doesn't miss one good funeral. When anybody dies the French term for "No flowers by request" is "Ni fleurs, ni couronnes." Not long ago a well-known Frenchman died, and in his will was written, "Ni fleurs, ni couronnes, ni Mathilde S. . . ."

OVERHEARD during the past week while having a manicure at Mille's (the best place in the world for overhearing anything, and what I have heard there, and can't print!): Anne Morgan, the sister of J. P. Morgan, asking her manicurist the current price of strawberries in Paris. At Grace Moor's performance of *Louise* at the Opera-Comique, an *ouvreuse*, rushing down a corridor, saying, "There is a lady in a *loge* who wants an extra chair." I told her every chair was in use. "Oh, just tell the director," the lady said impressively, "that it's for Miss Maxwell, Miss *Maxwell*." I do not know if a late guest crowded into little Elsa's box, or if she decided that she needed two chairs for herself.

OF course, the prettiest and best garden-party of the season was that given by Lord and Lady Tyrrell at the British Embassy. Two thousand people were received by the Ambassador and his wife, which must have made them dizzy. But they only had to receive the guests arriving in one straight line, while their daughter Ann and her *fiancé*, Adrian Holman, the Second Secretary, stood outside on the terrace and were simply whirled about by people. I do not see how they did not drop dead.

THE band of the Garde Republicaine tooted away on the lawn, and there was a marvellous tea spread the entire length of one room so that any greedy guests (like me) could return three or four times without being recognised. The three best-looking women at the party were the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, in grey satin; Madame Munoz, the daughter-in-law of the Spanish Ambassador to Italy, in a green and white *imprimé*, and Lady Abdy, who evidently felt cold, although nobody else did, for she wore a grey and blue tweed coat and a large white hat.

S. L.

Life's little lapses

"A striped Worthington, please, with a 15 inch neck."

TREAT 'EM ROUGH

By

MANVILLE KEITH

My dear Jimmy, I know what I'm talking about. The caveman stuff is as good to-day as it was in the time of Adam and Eve . . . Rot! You are one of those silly asses who think that just because we've allowed girls a bit of rope since the War we've got to treat them as equals. . . . Not a bit of it. Treat 'em rough, old boy! Play a big club to score in hearts? That's quite bright for you, Jimmy, though I expect I'd have thought of something pretty snappy myself if I'd wanted to. You see, *I* understand women and you don't. . . . How do I know? Well, look at us. Here am I going to get engaged this morning while you are definitely not.

* * *

How do I *know* I'm going to? My dear, delightful idiot, I keep telling you I know how to handle women. I've got the girl absolutely waiting for me to say the word. She'll be wild with delight—bound to be . . . who is it? Why, little Pamela Collins, of course. That girl simply eats out of my hand. . . . No, I do *not* think she's been going out with me just to get a good time. I flatter myself that I am sufficiently attractive to women to make *that* absurd. . . . How do I manage it? It's a gift, old boy. You're either born with it or you aren't. Now, I don't want to be personal or anything, but *you* would have as much chance——

* * *

What am I going to say to her? Good lord, no! Nothing like that about *me*! . . . No, as a matter of fact, I've not seen her for ten days. Good thing to keep away for a bit. Sets them guessing. . . . That's it: Absence makes the heart grow fonder, and all that. Not that young Pam *could* be any fonder of me, anyhow. . . . How can I tell? Really, you know, you ought to have been born a monk. . . . Aren't they? Well, you know what I mean. If you'd ever had a girl madly in love with you, you'd realise it soon enough. The adoring way they look at you, and all that! . . . Only pulling my leg? *My* leg? Why, you must be completely off your rocker! I know where I am with the fair sex, ber-lieve me! . . . Unfair sex? Not if you know how to tackle them. Of course, if you are weak enough to let them play the fool with you, that's *your* funeral. I've no sympathy with the man who doesn't know enough to——

By Fred Buchanan

1st Golfer (*starting the afternoon round*): "Fo-o-o-o-re!"
2nd Golfer (*suffering from lunch*): "He-e's a jolly good fel-low!"

* * *

No, you're quite wrong there, old boy. Why, there's no such thing as the Modern Woman. Just because a girl has her skirts short and her drinks long it doesn't mean she's not a clinging, helpless creature at heart. I pride myself that I know enough about the sex to see through all that sort of bluff. Believe me when I tell you that the easiest way of losing a girl is to let her think you are afraid of doing so . . . No, of course it doesn't follow that the easiest way to keep a girl . . . Oh, I see! You should really try to express yourself more clearly.

Just take little Pamela, for instance. Superficially you'd think she was typical of the so-called Independent Girl, but I assure you she's not. Her heart is as set on getting married to a really clever, attractive sort of fellow as was her grandmother's. What's that got to do with me? Good lord, old boy, you must really pay more attention when I'm talking. I said most distinctly "a clever, attractive sort of fellow." . . . No, I'm not blowing my own trumpet at all, but a man can't help knowing when he's the sort of chap the women fall for. There's a certain look they get when they see you. . . . Biliousness, indeed! What an ass you are, Jimmy!

* * *

Am I going round to Park Street before lunch? No, nor after lunch, either. That's not *my* way at all. . . . How? Why, I simply dropped her a little note telling her to ring me up at noon and she'd hear something to her advantage. Pretty neat, I thought. . . . Am I going away then? Of course I'm not! Really you seem to be half-witted this morning, Jimmy. Aren't I telling you that I'm giving her the great news that I've decided to marry her. Hullo, there's the 'phone now. Just watch me and I will give you a little example in how to do it.

* * *

Hullo! Yes, Basil speaking. What's that? Feeling fearfully excited, are you? I *thought* you would be! . . . The luckiest girl in the world? Well, it's awfully nice of you to say so, but aren't you just a bit premature? I haven't yet asked—what? You *know* you'll be happy? I'm not surprised; but as I was saying, you might have waited till I had—what? Simply couldn't wait another moment? Well, I *must* say it's a *little—me* congratulate you? Surely that for others to do. . . . Jealous? Why on earth should I be? . . . Yes, I know you're going to be married.

* * *

Have I seen who? Yes, as a matter of fact, he's here now. Congratulate him? What for? *Jimmy? You! Last night? Well, I'm* ——!

A picture of health

and a picture of beauty too!

And a healthful, beautiful, youthful appearance nowadays owes a great deal to the proper care of the skin and complexion in a way such as Pond's recommend in their "Complete Method of Skin Care."

The Pond's Method, regularly followed, will keep the skin fresh and youthful and the complexion clear and full of colour.

Every night before retiring it is necessary to cleanse the skin of all dust and impurities which have accumulated during the day; *Pond's Cold Cream* penetrates deep into the pores where this dirt gathers, dissolves it, and brings it to the surface. About two minutes after application, take a *Pond's Cleansing Tissue* and remove the soiled cream. This Tissue, softer and more absorbent than towels, is then discarded and the skin braced and the pores closed with *Pond's Skin Freshener.*

This cleansing should be repeated as often as necessary during the daytime, always finishing off with just a touch of *Pond's Vanishing Cream* to protect the delicate skin from the weather, to give it a beautiful bloom, and to form a base for powder.

OBTAINABLE FROM CHEMISTS, STORES AND HIGH-CLASS HAIRDRESSERS

Pond's Cold Cream. Opal Jars 5/-, 2/6 & 1/3, Tubes 2/6, 1/- & 6d.

Pond's Cleansing Tissues, per Box 2/6 & 1/6

Pond's Skin Freshener, per Bottle 5/6, 3/- & 1/-

Pond's Vanishing Cream. Opal Jars 2/6 & 1/3, Tubes 1/- & 6d.

If you have not yet tried Pond's preparations and would like to do so, send 1/- to Pond's Extract Co., Dept. 461, 103 St. John St., London, E.C.1, for a "four-sample" box.

POND'S

Cold Cream. Cleansing Tissues. Skin Freshener. Vanishing Cream.

FLYING NOTES

Aeroplane Photo

ABOVE THE CLOUDS

A Hawk Moth Saloon at a high altitude

THE AERO EXHIBITION OF 1929

TEN YEARS OF AIRITHMETICAL PROGRESSION

THE AEROPLANE FOR THE AVERAGE MAN AND WOMAN

By CAPT. C. E. WARD

MAN flew for the first time twenty-five years ago, and thereby confounded the critics who maintained that he would have been given wings had it been intended that he should compete with the birds and the angels. Anyone who doubts man's conquest of the air should visit Olympia during this week and next, not forgetting that women also have played their part and given many proofs already that they are competent to pilot and navigate in the third dimension

Not being an "X" chaser, my interest in the Show is that of the average man or woman who likes to be well-informed, and as the last event of this kind was held in 1920 there is considerable progress to record.

It is not many years ago since curious crowds watched railway trains carrying passengers seated in armchairs. Fortunately, air transport has started where rail, sea and motor transport left off, being able to take advantage of their experience and provide the latest gadgets for the comfort of passengers and pilot alike.

Flying meetings and air races still leave some people stunned by the marvel of it all, and as there is little opportunity to examine the aircraft at close quarters, many people consider flying as a departure from the normal because only the spectacular aspects have been impressed upon them.

As a prelude to the Show the race for the King's Cup provided plenty of thrills, and has given thousands of people the incentive to see more of the machines which took part. The first five finished within a few minutes of each other, thereby giving proof of excellent handicapping. "R. Llewellyn," which was the *nom d'air* adopted by Fl.-Lt. Atcherley, R.A.F., was the winner on a Gloster Grebe at 150.3 miles an hour, with Lt. L. G. Richardson, R.N., on a Cirrus Moth second. The latter won the Siddeley Trophy from the holder, Miss Spooner, who finished fifth and first of the three women pilots. The highest average speed on a light 'plane was maintained by Mr. Alan Butler on a Gipsy Moth at 118.7 miles an hour, with Captain Hope on a similar machine at 116.7 and Captain Stack on a Hermes Avian at 111.1, the latter being unlucky to drop from first place on the last lap, owing to a missing cylinder on a new type of engine.

Photopress

NIGHT LIGHTS

The vast lamps which are fitted on to a Continental air liner. They make emergency night landings a comparatively easy task

The Moth Family

ON de Havillands stands at the Show the Moth will be featured with all its progeny around it. First of all the complete land 'plane, holder of the world's altitude and speed records in its class, and the best known light aeroplane in the world. Then the coupé, being the same gentleman with his hat on, followed by the seaplane and the amphibian, each type having all parts interchangeable. The family tree is completed by the Hawk Moth saloon for a pilot and three passengers. The Gipsy engine appears as a complete unit, and another in sections. It is the holder of the world's speed record fitted to a single-seater light 'plane, the Tiger Moth, which covered 100 km. in a closed circuit at 186.4 miles per hour, piloted by Captain Broad.

The Light Power Units

THE trusty Cirrus and its more powerful brother the Hermes, are being shown by A.D.C. Aircraft,

(*Continued on page 156*)

THE LATEST AVRO

The Avro training machine is known to pilots all over the world. The Avro Avian also needs no introduction for its achievements have made it known not only to pilots but to everyone interested in current events. And now, added to this family comes the Avro 5 — already doing justice to the reputation of its name.

AVRO·5

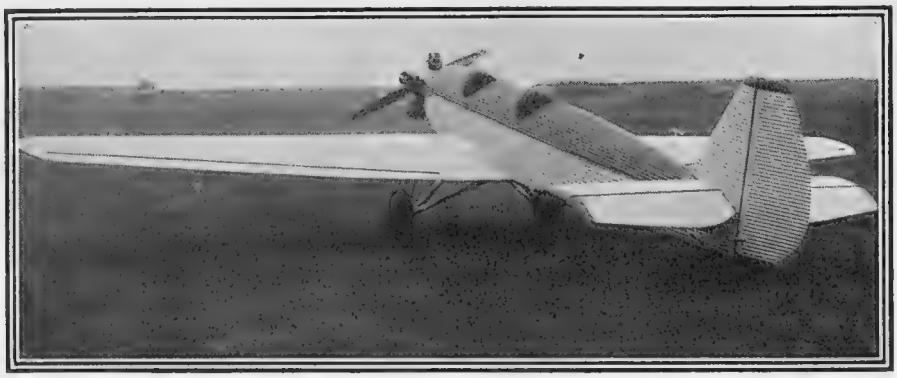
(3 ENGINED MONOPLANE)

Particulars of the Avro 5 and other models may be obtained from:
A. V. Roe & Co. Ltd., 166 Piccadilly, London, W.1.
Works: Newton Heath, Manchester and Hamble, Southampton.

SEE OUR EXHIBIT AT STAND NO. 87, OLYMPIA

FLYING NOTES (continued from page 154)

WELL-KNOWN AEROPLANES AT REST



THE JUNKERS "JUNIOR"
A new German sporting light 'plane in metal

and both types can be seen fitted to various light 'planes on other stands, notably the Desoutter three-seater saloon, the Spartan two-seater and three-seater, and the Westland limousine. The "Genet" and "Genet Major" by Armstrong Siddeley out of Coventry, are shown on their parents' stand. The former is fitted to the Avro Avian and three of the latter in the Avro 5, a new type of commercial monoplane. The "Scorpion" and the "Hornet," produced by A.B.C. Motors, are twin- and four-cylinder horizontally opposed air-cooled engines, the former being suitable for a single-seater and the latter for a two-seater light 'plane.

The Big Four

ROLLS-ROYCE, Napier, the Bristol Company, and Armstrong Siddeley provide the power which enables our fighting scouts to climb almost vertically at more than 20 miles an hour, which is a different way of expressing so many thousands of feet a minute. Rolls-Royce are showing the "F" type and the "H.X." of 825 horse-power fitted with a supercharger for high altitude work. The Napier "Lion," in view of its magnificent records on land, sea and in the air, will be a centre of attraction. With a weight of about 1 lb. per horse-power, it is one of the most amazing pieces of machinery ever designed. Starting with the "Mercury" and working up by stages through the "Titan" and the "Neptune," Bristol's show the "Jupiter," a nine-cylinder radial made under licence in many foreign countries, as well as at home. The Armstrong Siddeley range is from the "Genet" to the "Jaguar," by way of the "Lynx," the two last-named being employed extensively for air liners.

Photopress

GARGANTUAN PROPORTIONS
One of the "Inflexible's" wheels, the largest in the world

The Private Owners' Class

THE Moth and the Avian being already so well known, particular notice should be taken of the Bluebird, which is being shown by Auto-Auctions. This is a two-seater, with seats side by side, and the original metal machine as flown to South Africa by Sq.-Ldr. Slatter is on view. The Bluebird is equally at home on the water, its aquatic qualities being well demonstrated by Colonel the Master of Sempill, who moors his machine on the Welsh Harp, flies to the Savoy for lunch, to Berlin to give a lecture, or to Scotland for some fishing. The Spartan is one of the types adopted by National Flying Services for training, and is shown also as a coupé and as a three-seater. Its special feature is interchangeable wings and control surfaces, which should be an economy for school work and the private owner. The "Widgeon" is a monoplane built by Westlands, of Yeovil, a firm famous during and since the War for turning out machines with a wonderful finish. The Parnall "Elf" is a new type which has just completed its tests. With an estimated speed of 116 at ground level, and a normal ceiling of 16,000 feet, it should be quite a useful addition to the ranks.

Famous Machines at Close Quarters

THE Fairey "Napier" monoplane, holder of the British long-distance record, and the first machine to fly from England to India non-stop, will attract attention particularly because it is the only big monoplane on view. Sq.-Ldr. Jones-Williams and Fl.-Lt. Jenkins had a sticky passage on their recent outward flight, and everyone hopes they will be given another chance to break the world's record, the machine having proved quite capable of doing greater things. The "Fox," always a "howling" favourite at the R.A.F. Display, will be silent by request, showing the clean lines which enabled it to out-distance the Scouts when it was first produced. The all-metal Short "Singapore," made famous by Sir Alan Cobham on his circuit of Africa, is appearing in person. It is the largest flying boat in the Show, and being situated just inside the main entrance on the left a traffic jam is anticipated. The Supermarine "Napier" S5, with a guaranteed maximum speed of 320 miles an hour, provides food for thought. Will the new racers being built by this company and Gloster Aircraft be fast enough to retain the Schneider Trophy in September? Rolls-Royce or Napiers might give the answer—but they would never tell!

Advice to Relatives

FATHERS with sons, uncles with nephews, and others with small boys attached are recommended to hie immediately to stands showing fighting aircraft or to others with maps and gadgets. Boulton and Paul have the "Sidestrand" on view, a twin-engined machine, bristling with guns and capable of giving cause for much caution to attacking scouts. The Bristol Bulldog and the latest Armstrong Siddeley metal fighter are extraordinary machines, giving the sense

(Continued on page 158)

AN INVITATION TO

LONDON'S SMARTEST NEW CAR SHOWROOMS

Just off Old Bond Street, readily accessible, but out of the crush, so that you may leave your car outside. are our new showrooms in Burlington Gardens—the newest fashionable shopping street.

Here you will find a representative selection of new cars by the leading makers, including Austin, Armstrong-Siddeley, Hillman, Morris, Talbot, Riley. Also special coachwork on Rolls Royce and Bentley chassis—all that is latest and best in automobiles.

We have exceptional facilities for part exchange transactions since our weekly Auction Sales at Horseferry Road afford an unique outlet for secondhand cars.

Sole World Distributors of the BLACKBURN BLUE BIRD LIGHT AEROPLANE with Side-by-Side Seating

Auto Auctions Limited

For GOOD USED CARS OF ALL KINDS apply Horseferry Road Westminster, S.W.1

Burlington Gdns., Leading from **Old Bond St to Savile Row**

TUNOXAD

FLYING NOTES (continued from page 156)

HOW TO BECOME AN AIR TRAVELLER

Keystone

Capt. Stack and two friends in a Desoutter Monoplane

P.T.A.

A famous Avro Avian which flew to Cape Town in record time

of power by sheer aggressive contour. The Gloster single-seater Scout is capable of speeds exceeding 200 miles an hour at 20,000 feet, which is going some at that height. Handley Page, Ltd., the pioneers in England of the really big land 'plane, are showing a full-scale model of the cabin of their forty-seater, as ordered by Imperial Airways for the Indian mail service. S. E. Saunders, Ltd., have revived the famous name of "Cutty Sark" for a light flying boat. Will any sportsman pilot it to Australia to beat Bert Hinkler's record of fifteen days?

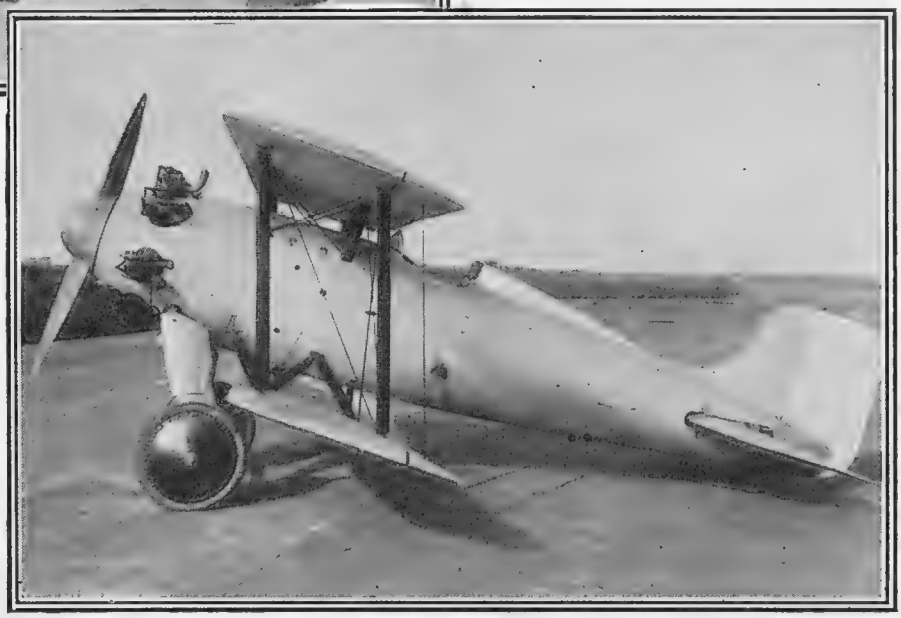
Information Bureaux

THE Air Ministry have taken no fewer than seventeen stands, arranged with the idea of helping visitors to realise the progress of aviation and the most modern methods adopted to keep up the highest standard of efficiency in the world. Perhaps the most interesting exhibit is that of half-inch scale models of flying machines, dating from 1670 to the present year. The system of controlling and reporting the movements of civil aircraft, together with our meteorological organisation is shown, so that everyone who flies may know what precautions are taken for their especial safety. All sorts and conditions of gadgets prove that Adastral House must be the modern Mecca for inventors. No contraption can be too weird and wonderful to be tried out judging by some of the extraordinary devices shown on these stands. The Royal Aero Club have combined with the Department of Overseas Trade and the Post Office to provide a general information bureau. One of the most interesting exhibits is staged by the Air League of the British Empire, showing the relative position of British aviation to that of other countries.

Air Travel for the Tourist

IMPERIAL AIRWAYS have a press-button service showing the connections by air between all the principal cities of Europe, giving, by means of automatic illuminated signs, arrival and departure times, single and return fares, rates for baggage, and so on! A great map of Western Europe shows the actual position of all air liners, corrected every few minutes by information from the Croydon airport. Without one knowing very much about it, a vast network of regular air lines has been created all over Europe, and these lines are being joined gradually to others operating in Africa, Asia, Australia and America. The line from Alexandria to Cape Town is the next Empire route to be given a regular service, and the extension of the

(*Continued on page 160*)



Doughtys

THE BLACKBURN "LINCOCK"

PATRON: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES
INTERNATIONAL
AERO
EXHIBITION

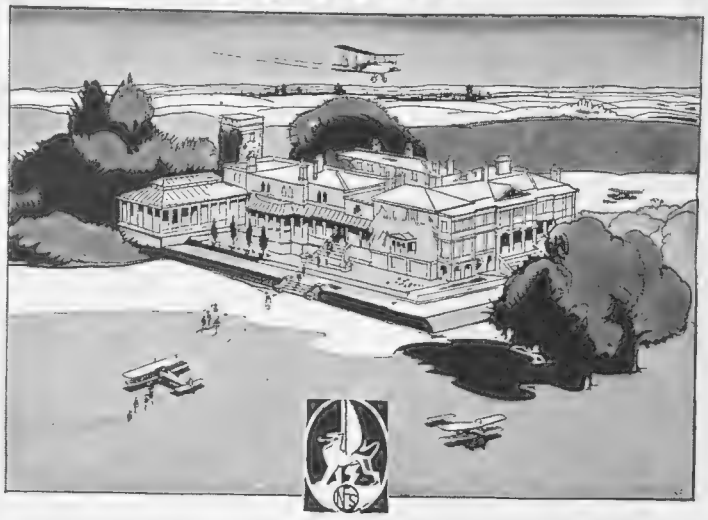
The World's latest Aircraft developments at close quarters.

Prices of Admission: Opening Day 5/-; Other days 2/-; Sats. and daily after 5 p.m. 1/-

OLYMPIA
LONDON W.
JULY 16—27.

The
King's
Cup
Air Race has always been won on
K·L·G
SPARKING PLUGS
This year as last:
All Finishers
including the winner of the
Siddeley Trophy
used K.L.G. Plugs

A NEW
COUNTRY CLUB
for everybody interested in
FLYING



IN Hanworth Park, one of the loveliest spots in Middlesex, a fine old country mansion has been turned into an up-to-date and luxurious Country Club. Spacious landing grounds for aeroplanes are provided, together with complete service shops and lock-up hangars. Members, both flying and non-flying, are being enrolled now.

HANWORTH
London's Air Park & Country Club

30 MINUTES from the WEST END

Hanworth Park is within easy reach of Town by road and by rail, and offers many social amenities—grass tennis courts, hard courts, a large dining room with a restaurant service, lounges and verandahs and numerous bedrooms.

A "PILOT-YOURSELF" SERVICE.
Members will fly under ideal conditions. Facilities are provided for accommodating and servicing members' own aeroplanes, and also for hiring 2-seater club machines at charges as low as £1 1s. 0d. an hour (3½d. a mile).

TUITION.
Members will be given practical tuition in flying in the very latest types of safety aeroplanes by an experienced staff at very reasonable rates. Flying is NOT difficult to master. Anybody who can drive a car and play tennis can learn to fly.

10 PROVINCIAL CLUBS: 60 LANDING GROUNDS
Members of the London or any N.F.S. provincial club are automatically made honorary members of every club in the group and are entitled to the full use of club premises, landing grounds, and service organisation everywhere.

AERIAL TAXIS.
Members have at their disposal the Company's swift air-taxi service at special rates.

TRIAL FLYING LESSON £2. 2. 0
Anyone interested in flying can take a trial flying lesson, to see how easy and pleasant it is. The fee, which includes car from London to and from the Club House at Hanworth Park, is £2. 2. 0.

A limited number of members are now being admitted to the Hanworth Club at the following rates. Flying members 5 gns. entrance fee and 5 gns. annual subscription. Non-flying members 3 gns. and 3 gns. respectively.

A booklet giving full details of the N.F.S. organisation will be sent on request.

NATIONAL FLYING SERVICES LTD.

AERO SHOW—OLYMPIA. STAND 75.

Grand Buildings, Trafalgar Square, (Entrance Northumberland Avenue) London, W.C.2.
'Phone: Gerrard 9316 (4 lines).

Hutcheonad

FLYING NOTES (continued from page 158)

Indian air mail service to Australia can be only a matter of a year or so. Given the right flying equipment, which we already possess, the successful operation of an air route depends principally on ground organisation. Good landing grounds, a reliable wireless service, accurate weather forecasts, and efficient lighting equipment can make a service pay.

Night Flying

UNTIL aircraft can operate with safety during the whole twenty-four hours air services will never be really commercial. Every other form of transport can operate just as easily by night as by day, using artificial light as an aid to navigation. Night lights for airmen have been developed to a high state of efficiency, but still we have no air services at night. Chance Brothers are exhibiting an aerodrome floodlight which illuminates the surface of an aerodrome so that it is defined just as in daylight. Their aerial lighthouses are designed specially to throw a beam from the horizontal to the vertical, and boundary lights and wind indicators give just that confidence which enables a pilot to judge his landing accurately. Government subsidies will remain as a necessary evil until all aerodromes are equipped, like seaports, with adequate illumination.

Modern Methods

WITH A. V. Roe in Piccadilly, Malcolm Campbell in St. James's, and Auto-Auctions in Burlington Gardens, anyone who is unable to get near a light 'plane at Olympia can easily inspect one at leisure in the West End the following morning. At Heston Air Park, on the Great West Road, there are machines which have only to be flown to be appreciated. National Flying Services offer a unique opportunity to those who doubt their ability to become pilots. By joining the Hanworth Park Club it will be easy to get accustomed to aeroplanes before actually taking the air, as there are ample facilities for the normal pleasures and pastimes of *terra firma*. There are flying schools at Brooklands, Croydon, and Stag Lane, for anyone who gets bitten by the air bug and wants immediate relief. Today the aeroplane, the seaplane and the flying boat are available for general transport, for aerial service, and for private flying. There is no one who cannot make use in some form or other of one of their type. They carry passengers, mails and goods more quickly than any other vehicle, they produce maps almost automatically, they can be used for protecting property and for the most pleasant form of private travel. What more could man or woman want from its robot servant? The air highway is far safer than that on land, and requires less skill to navigate than the sea. If the women can do it—and the three representatives of their sex in the King's Cup Race kept a good course and finished—surely the men aren't going to be left behind.

C. E. W.

THE BRISTOL "BULLDOG"

EVENTS TO NOTE

July 16th, noon.—Exhibition opened by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales at a private view, followed by an inaugural lunch.
2 p.m.—Exhibition opened to the public.
July 18th.—S.B.A.C. banquet to foreign visitors.
July 19th.—Civil Aviation Ball at Grosvenor House.
July 20th.—Aerial Garden Party at Heston Aerodrome.
July 27th.—Exhibition closes. Banquet at the Savoy.

KING'S CUP AIR RACE FOR THE FIFTH TIME AND THE SIDDELEY TROPHY

WON ON WAKEFIELD CASTROL MOTOR OIL

—the product of an All-British Firm

1st. Flying Officer Atcherley, Gloster Grebe ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY "JAGUAR" ENGINE.

2nd. and winner of the "SIDDELEY" TROPHY. Lieut. L. G. Richardson, R.N. D. H. Moth, CIRRUS MARK III ENGINE.

3rd. Capt. W. L. Hope, D. H. Moth, GIPSY ENGINE.

INTERNATIONAL AERO EXHIBITION STAND NO. 71

C. C. WAKEFIELD & CO. LTD.
Wakefield House, Cheapside,
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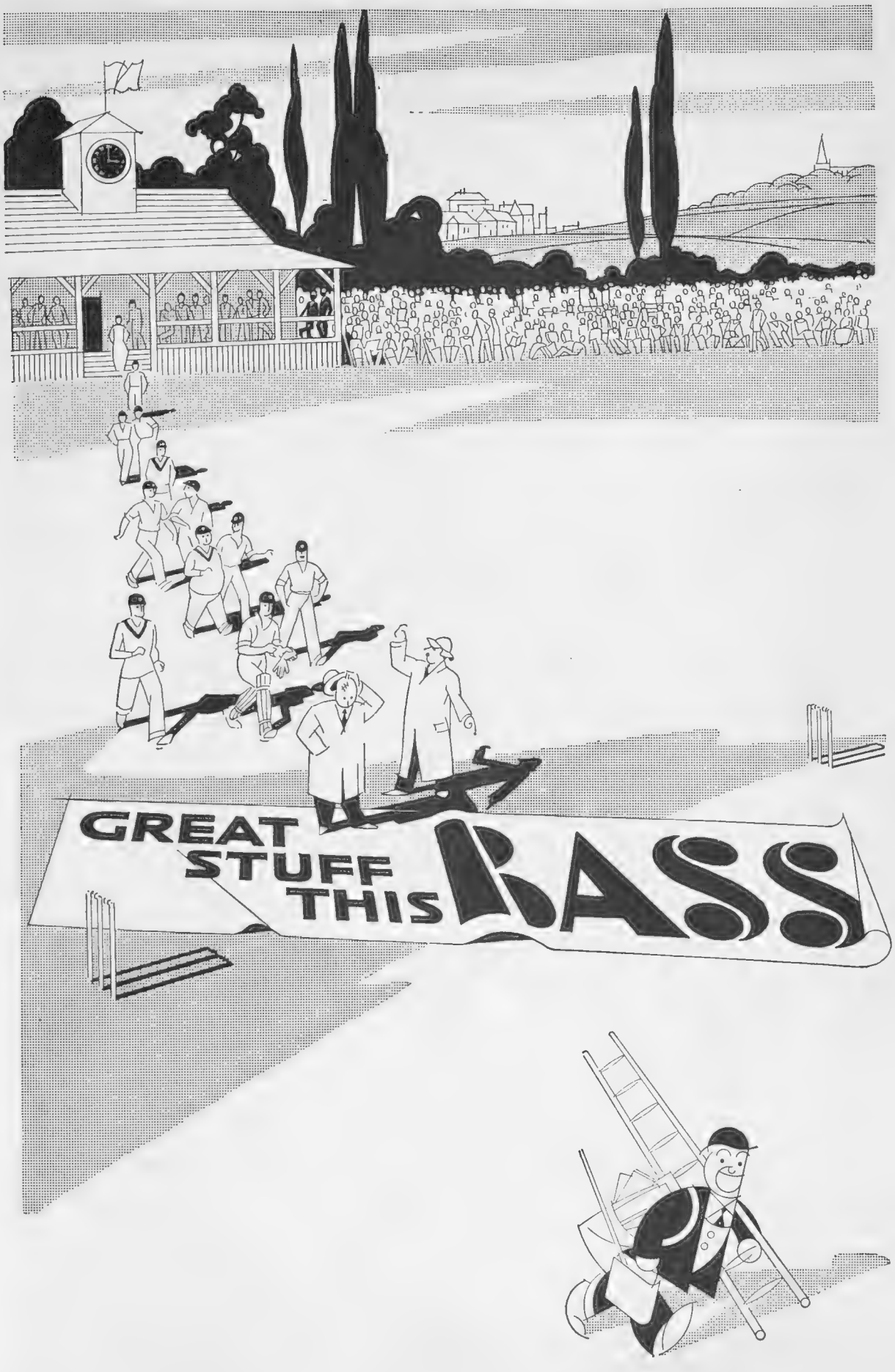
GREAT STUFF THIS BASS

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

A WORD UPON "BLURBS"

By
RALPH STRAUS

You know, I expect, what a "blurb" is. It is an alleged description of a book which is printed on its "jacket," and it does not often err on the side of modesty. On the contrary, it rarely fails to suggest that the accompanying work is a most astonishing masterpiece, written by the greatest literary genius of the age. Needless to say, the blurb is an American invention, and I presume that a course in Blurbing is attended by every young American business man who has any ambition at all.

❋

Publishers, indeed, are a singularly optimistic race. Yet a few of our own British blurbs do occasionally come near to the truth. One or two are almost modest. I can even remember one which dared to say that some readers might not like the book that was being blurbed, though this, to be sure, might have been "writ sarcastic." At the same time, if decently done, the blurb is by no means out of place. It should be so worded that it rouses your interest and curiosity, and at the same time gives you some indication of the book's contents.

❋

"Whatever you may think of this novel we venture to say that you will not be bored by it." That is the blurb on the front of the jacket which covers Mr. Richard Oke's first novel "Frolic Wind" (Gollancz: 7*s.* 6*d.*), and in my opinion there is much to be said in its favour. It does arouse your curiosity, and if it gives you no details about the novel itself, at least it suggests the presence of wit and good writing. And it is not impossibly optimistic.

❋

After reading the novel, moreover, I can bear testimony to its truthfulness. You may think that Mr. Oke has too often forgotten that he was telling a story; you may be slightly shocked at the distinctly naughty scenes which are included; you may remember half a dozen other novels which are not very different from it; but most decidedly you will not be bored, for Mr. Oke has real wit and real humour and a scholarly pen.

❋

And what, you ask, is it all about? Well, let us omit the word "wind," and call it a frolic—an audacious frolic such as you could imagine the members of the Russian Ballet performing if they were permitted to continue their picturesque antics in one of the stately homes of old England. It is, in effect, the highly entertaining account of a country house-party which the four elderly daughters of a defunct, but no doubt most important, peer give to certain "celebrities" at the week-end.

A caricature of Richard Oke, the author of "Frolic Wind" (Gollancz: 7s. 6d.), reviewed on this page

An unusual party, perhaps—almost a "wild party"—but then the Ladies Athaliah, Damaris, Berrice, and Cleone are all a little unusual. And it is only fair to Mr. Oke (who, it seems, was also invited to the party, but refused—no reasons being given) to say that when a thunderstorm breaks over Pagnell Bois many curious things happen.

❋

Thus young Mr. Charlecote, the painter, not only bathes (without even a one or more "piece" costume) in the pond at night, but persuades Miss Jewell, the old ladies' companion, to bathe with him, and unfortunately they are discovered by the Princess with the peculiar name and the cosmopolitan Knight. (The water, however, was quite warm.) Similarly, Lady Athaliah's unpleasant hobby is laid bare when the lightning kills her off and plants a photograph of a great cedar on her withered shoulders. Miss Vulliamy, whose novels must be almost as difficult to read as Miss Gertrude Stein's, is allowed to suffer the worst pangs of jealously, and even Lady Cleone's secret is discovered to the guests. Everybody, indeed, except a silly old general, is involved in some peculiar excitement or other, and it is only when you lay down the book that you begin to understand why Mr. Oke himself refused his invitation.

❋

You may accuse me of being ridiculously vague, but "Frolic Wind" is one of those books which it is almost impossible to describe. It defies all criticism by the usual standards. Complaint may be made that all the excitements are bunched together at the end, even that they are out of place altogether. For myself, I enjoyed every page of the lively thing. It is one long gorgeous lark—the most brilliant bit of fooling that I have read since *Decline and Fall*, and with a scholarship which is not to be found in that amiably macabre experiment. Not everybody's book, perhaps, but a joy to all those who can appreciate good satire.

❋

"MW—XX3" (Heinemann: 7*s.* 6*d.*) is sufficiently cryptic to stand for anything. In this case it is first the formula of a petrol substitute and secondly the title of a thriller of thrillers. As a petrol substitute you might forget it, but as the title of Mr. Roland Pertwee's new novel—never. Here you will encounter perilous adventures with a most engagingly determined ex-naval officer and his irrepressible and irresponsible companions. If you want to know how to treat Home Secretaries and great captains of industry you will find it all laid down for you in "MW—XX3."

❋

So runs Mr. Pertwee's blurb, and with a little alteration I might have written it myself. A "thriller of thrillers" is perhaps a little too optimistic, and I cannot guarantee an accurate memory of the book's title. But Commander Shaftoe's adventures are certainly perilous, and one of his companions, at any rate, is sufficiently irresponsible. At the same time I, who admire Mr. Pertwee's work, do not consider this to be his best book—it is a little too true to type—and find the sinister word "potboiler" hovering somewhere in my mind.

❋

On the other hand there are, in addition to genuine excitements, some very good things in this book. A second General Strike in England is described in an extraordinarily vivid way, and as on this occasion nearly all our available petrol is destroyed, it is not difficult to imagine the difficulty of the task which the Government is called on to perform. Also, I admit, in the portrait of the petrol-king, Mr. Pertwee has created a novel type, and, as always, his writing is easy. It would be impossible to find two novels so different as are "Frolic Wind" and "MW—XX3," but both can appeal to a mood in most of us, and both may be safely recommended.

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TAKE-OUTS ONCE MORE

By "ACES EASY"

ONCE more I return, like a tyrant to the charge, to the subject of the weakness take-out. I make no apology for doing so, for the overwhelming importance of this facet of the game justifies any writer in devoting his—and his readers'—time to its consideration. In an interesting text-book, "Advanced Auction and Contract Bridge Tactics," by H. L. Thornley (Foulsham, 2s. net), which I read the other day, I came across the almost inevitable statement: "One cannot be too strong to take out: one may easily be too weak."

THAT is the worst sort of lie, a half-truth. I drag in Mr. Thornley as a chopping block with reluctance, for his work is readable and valuable, but his is the last voice I have noted perpetuating this deplorable fallacy. It is true you may be too weak to take out, I freely grant, but it depends on what you mean by weakness.

STRENGTH at bridge is of two kinds, top-card strength and numerical strength. The former, in denying a partner's no-trumper, which in itself affrms top strength, is unnecessary: the latter is vital. It is my conviction that rescues of no-trumpers on four-card weakness is useless, although Mr. R. F. Foster commends the practice when the bust-holding partner of a no-trumper holds a singleton.

WITH five cards, however, the position is altered entirely. A no-trumper has at least two, probably three, cards of your suit. You will therefore have the majority of trumps. You can stop the run of an adverse suit by ruffing; you can often obtain an entry into your own hand to lead up to your strong dummy; you can *control* the hand if you play a trump make, and nothing on God's green earth can control a no-trumper that goes wrong.

I TRUST I have in past articles on this page advanced sufficient rebuttals to the argument that to deny on both strength and weakness is ambiguous, so I will content myself with remarking that if you have any doubt whether to bid a five-card suit in a weak hand over your partner's no-trumper, disregard it.

THE words of Danton might well be applied to this vexed point: "*Que mon nom soit flétri: que la France soit libre.*" If you take out your name may be accursed, but you will be free—of loss.

THE term "approach" bid, which I mentioned last week, has brought me no less than three letters asking me to set forth a definition of this term. An "approach" bid is made on a hand which justifies an optional call. This is not to be construed as a two-suiter, but such a hand as this: Spades—A, K, x, x; Hearts—A, Q, J, x; Diamonds—K, Q, 10; Clubs—K, x. On this you can bid a spade, a heart, or a no trump.

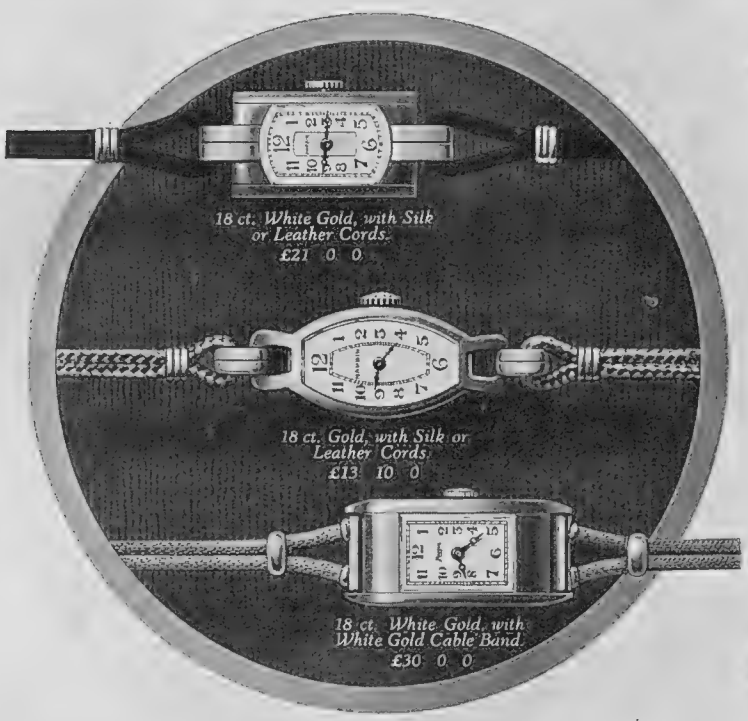
THE "approach" bidder will call a Spade and open his ears: the "drive" bidder (if we are going to incorporate golf terms) will call a no trump and shut his opponents' mouths.

ON the above hand, a Spade is the correct call, if your partner understands that he must deny when holding less than normal trump assistance. If he bids Diamonds you can go Hearts; if Clubs, you go no trumps. If he has Spade support you will be as likely to go game in the black major as in a no trumper.

ON weaker hands, also, the "approach" is of value. Take these four combinations, on which nine out of ten would bid no trumps.

(i) *S*—A, x, x; *H*—A, 10, x; *D*—K, Q, 10, x; *C*—Q, x, x.
(ii) *S*—A, J, x, x; *H*—A, x, x; *D*—A, x, x, x; *C*—x, x.
(iii) *S*—x, x; *H*—A, Q, x, x; *D*—K, J, 10, x; *C*—K, Q, J.
(iv) *S*—K, Q, 10, x; *H*—A, x, x, x; *D*—Q, J, 10, x; *C*—K.

On (i) bid a Diamond; on (ii) a Spade; on (iii) a Heart; on (iv) a Spade. You may go no trumps later in all four cases, but you will do better by "approaching" than "driving," save on rare occasions.



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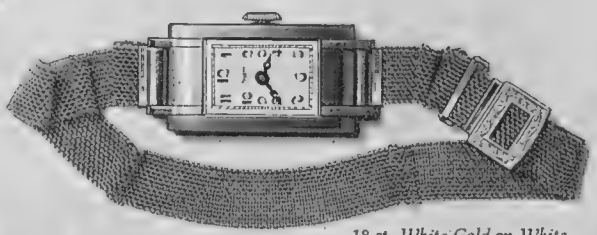

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MOTOR NOTES

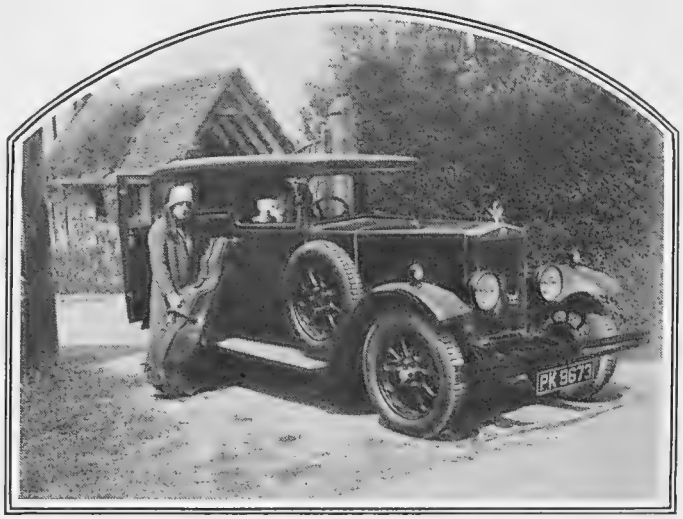
SIZE—FOR THE OWNER-DRIVER

By E. M. WRIGHT

So many people look upon the Minerva, and especially the 32-34 h.p. six-cylinder model, which has been famous for years, as essentially a chauffeur-driven car. Possibly it is generally seen in charge of a paid driver; but when I had one out on trial recently I tried to see it, for a change, as an owner-driver's vehicle, because I have often wondered why the people who can well afford the capital and running costs of this type of car are content with something smaller and less dignified.

***

As a matter of fact, the Minerva has many points which should appeal to the man who has to look after the car himself and does all the driving. The sleeve-valve engine needs a minimum of upkeep and actually improves with use. Decarbonisation should be required only at intervals of years instead of months. The top-gear ratio of 3.61 is considerably higher than is normal on such cars, so that it can attain high road speeds without unduly revving the engine; yet at the same time the latter, being of very nearly 6,000 c.c. capacity, is well able to pull this high gear, so that it does not call for much gear changing. The top-gear performance, in fact, is one of the outstanding features of the car.



Miss Beatrice Harrison, who charms nightingales into song with her playing on the 'cello, in her garden at Oxted, Surrey. Her car is a Morris Six Saloon

***

As to appearance and style, the Minerva surely represents almost the ideal of perfection. The long sweeping lines of the chassis, the exactly right height and dimensions of the radiator lend themselves admirably to coachwork such as Vanden Plas, the famous Brussels coachbuilders, know so well how to build. To look through the Minerva catalogue and to visit their showrooms is a treat for the connoisseur of car beauty. Another feature of the Minerva range is the remarkably moderate prices at which this imposing car is obtainable. The chassis costs but £900; and the particular model I tried, the two-door four-seater saloon coupé, which is one of the more expensive in the range, is priced at £1,650.

***

Three British drivers secured a notable success in France recently when, driving a Model "621" Graham-Paige four-seater tourer on Montlhéry Track during a remarkable run of 5,000 miles, they established no fewer than five new International records in Class C. The last 1,000 kilometres were run at approximately 75 m.p.h., while the fastest lap was done at 87.5 m.p.h. The run was not without its humorous incidents. Towards the close of one spell the mechanic threw out the following note to the pits: "How much longer have we to go? I want my breakfast." The answer, "17 minutes," was carefully drawn out and "inked in" as large and as legibly as possible on the back of a placard which had been used

(Continued on page 168)

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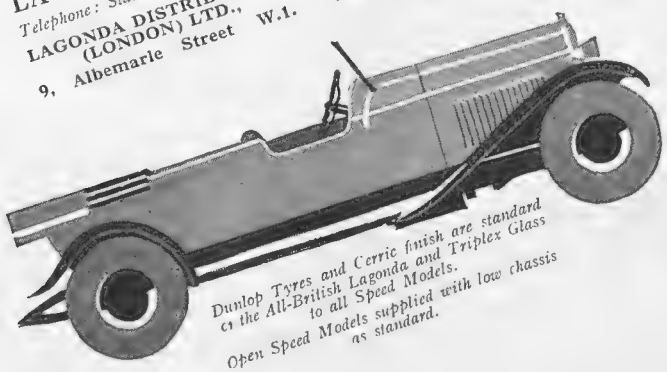

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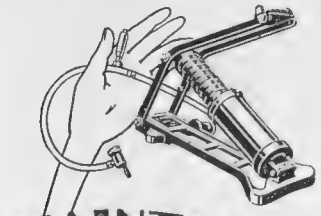

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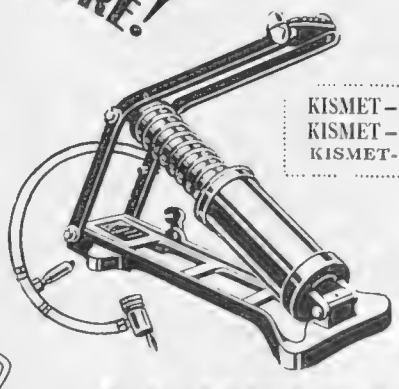

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A.J.W.

MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 166)

for signalling to a driver in a 24-hour record attempt a week or two previously. It was then held up for those in the oncoming car to read. Unfortunately the wrong side was shown, so that what the mechanic read in answer to his inquiry was, "Only five hours more"!

***

I WAS recently asked to look over a heavy car for a lady who was taking it to a remote part of the country, and would have to drive and look after it herself. It was liable to tyre trouble, and I pictured her predicament if a puncture occurred on a rainy night miles from anywhere. So the first thing I recommended was to fit the Stevenson jacking system, which is built into the chassis and can be operated by a child. It consists of two legs which are permanently attached to the frame, one on each side and at about the centre of gravity. A detachable handle is inserted, and a few turns lowers the leg against the ground and so raises the car on that side, both front and rear wheels leaving the ground together. If it is desired to raise the whole car the same process is repeated on the other side. This Stevenson system, though it calls for a certain amount of mechanical effort, has the advantage that it is positive. Nothing can go wrong with it. The prices are moderate; the light car equipment, for instance, retails at £4 4s. complete, ready for fitting.

***

OWNERS and prospective owners of the Singer Junior car will be interested in the latest volume added to Messrs. Pitman's "Motorists' Library." With the title, "The Book of the Singer Junior," it deals with the various models of this popular 8 h.p. car—what it costs to run, and the actual road performance as revealed by road tests carried out by the author. The book goes on to deal with maintenance of the chassis and care of the car generally, with chapters on lubrication, decarbonisation, the ignition system, and the lighting and starting set. There is an index—an unusual and welcome feature in a book of this kind—and chapters on licences and insurance and learning to drive make the publication of interest to the general reader. The author is G. S. Davison, and the price is 2s. 6d. net.

***

HR.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT has for a long time been a user of Humber cars. He recently placed an order for his third car of this make, a 20-65 h.p. limousine. This car is standard throughout, with the exception that a flag-holder is fitted and that there is a cross-bar between the lamps to carry various badges.

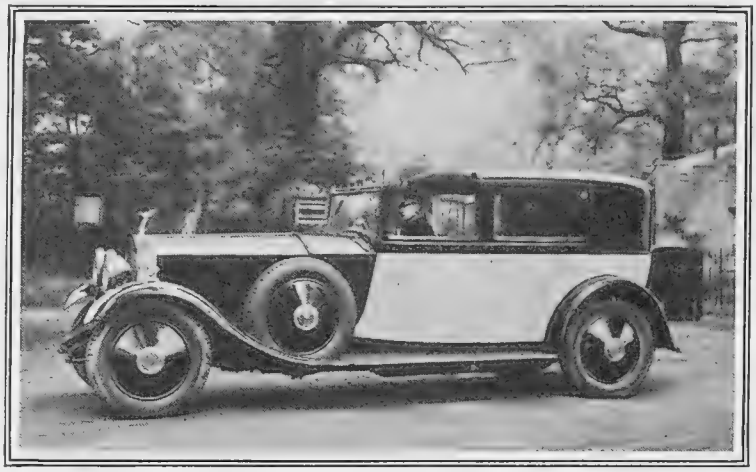
E. M. W.

THIS WEEK'S HINT

SIGNALS

The first thing the new driver should learn is how to read signals given by the point duty policemen, and how to give correct signals himself—or herself—to other traffic. This should become so much a habit as to be performed automatically. The most important signal is the extension of the right arm to show one's intention to turn to the RIGHT. It should be given not only when on the move, but also when drawing away from the pavement on starting from rest.

The most important Don't is this: Do not think that giving a signal—whatever it may be—gives you the right to make the manœuvre without any further caution; that is to say, do not be content with giving the signal; make certain that it has been observed before acting upon it. Lady drivers, please copy.



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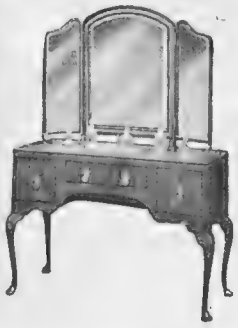

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SPORTS CHAT

By "FIELD-GLASS"

Toil and Tribulation

WHAT a week it has been! There were so many events of so many different sports that, at the end, I never quite knew if I was watching Capablanca play Tilden at water-cricket or what.

The Varsity match, until the third day, when a draw was almost inevitable, was slow to the *n*th degree, except for the batting collapse towards the beginning of each innings.

The slowness of Cambridge batting on the first day made me think that one or two of the side had mistaken the game for the annual chess contest.

Killick showed what a really bad batsman he can be if he tries, and it was left for Johnny Morgan and the Nawab of Pataudi to carry their respective sides on their shoulders.

Senility on Show

THE match was mainly remarkable for the thinness of the attendance and the extreme old age of those who were there.

As an example of the brilliant back-chat which was lightly bandied from one to the other, I give the following gems which were emitted by two very elderly members of the M.C.C., who had obviously given Fuller Pilch his first net and bowled John Nyren with a grub.

FIRST DOTARD: I thought Brett played quite well—for a fresher; 24 he got, I believe.

SECOND DOTARD (*after long perusal of his programme*): Yes, I believe you're quite right!

FIRST DOTARD (*after audible mental anguish and calculation*): You know, if everyone had got 24 the whole side would have got . . . let me see . . . about 260.

SECOND DOTARD (*after three more wickets had fallen and the tea interval — these modern innovations, damme!— was over*): Yes, I believe you're quite right!

Some Thrilling Polo

THE University polo match took place on Thursday last, and although Oxford, with Bradley Martin, were considered to be good favourites, Cambridge won what was decidedly the best game of the series by five goals to four.

A feature of the game was the fine play of Lord Willoughby de Eresby.

Central News

Admiral Sir Roger Keyes, who played for the Royal Navy in their annual match against the R.A.F. at Ranelagh The latter won by 7½ goals to 5

On the same day the Navy were beaten by R.A.F. at Ranelagh, in spite of the veteran steadiness of Admiral Sir Roger Keyes and the excellent performance of Lord Louis Mountbatten.

The provisional polo team for 1930, when we hope to beat America at Westchester, will not surprise many people. It is a very fine team at all points. I believe that in Captain Roark we have a player whose dashing play and increased experience may be just what we want to wrest the honours from our rivals.

The Public Schools at Bisley

THE Ashburton was duly shot off and provided a win for Glenalmond, whose O.T.C. is a kilted one.

This is the first time they have ever won the Shield. The feature of the contest was the number of small Sussex schools that were placed in the first dozen or so positions. Brighton were 2nd, Ardingly 8th, Lancing 13th, and Eastbourne 14th.

L.N.A.

THE ASHBURTON SHIELD GOES TO SCOTLAND

Lord Jellicoe (left) with the Glenalmond School team which won the Ashburton Shield at Bisley last week. They scored 464, Brighton being second with 463, and Rugby third with 461

In Every Field of Sport
Player's Please
PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.
PLAYER'S "MEDIUM" NAVY CUT CIGARETTES 10 for 6d 20 for 11½d ALSO 5 for 3d

Jack had very good taste-

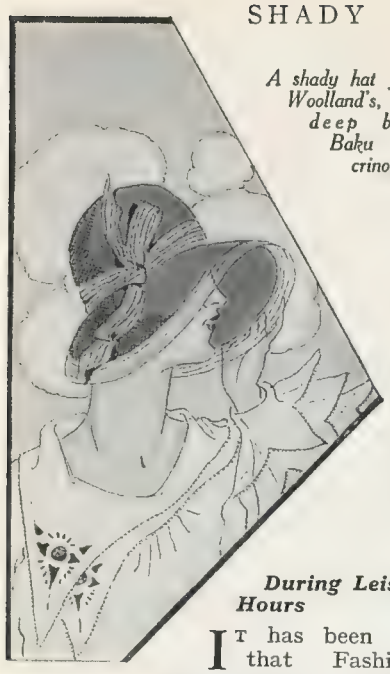
when he gave Joan a box of Rowntree's YORK Chocolates

Rowntree's famous York Chocolates; in 1-lb. boxes, 4/-; and in cartons, ½-lb. 2/-, ¼-lb. 1/-.

Fashions Fancies

Fashion definitely states that there will be a wide line of demarcation between beach and bathing suits at Deauville and other fashionable plages. To Harvey Nichols must be given the credit for those pictured The swimming suits worn by the reclining figures are of wool; the coat assumed by the model on the left is of Terry towelling relieved with gold. Stockinette makes the coat and black satin the trousers of the outfit on the right, the scheme being completed with a Cuban hat

SHADY HATS AND EXOTIC BOUDOIR GOWNS



A shady hat from Woolland's, in deep blue Baku and crinoline

During Leisure Hours

IT has been said that Fashion's greatest gift to woman is a tea gown. Certain it is that nothing gives her greater pleasure: The newest models are either so fairy-like that it seems impossible that they have been fashioned by human hands, or they yield to the pyjama vogue, in which case gorgeous brocades are frequently used, long coats of diaphanous fabrics adding to their beauty.

A Treasure-trove

TEA gowns are among the things which can most successfully be bought during the sales, for they do not date in the way that dresses for formal occasions do. At Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, whose sale commenced on the 8th and will continue until the 20th, printed chiffon wraps are available for 98*s.* 6*d.*, while lace dresses, with matching coatees, are priced at only 6 guineas. Two-piece nightdresses in pure silk *broché crêpe de Chine* for 59*s.* 6*d.*, and others in plain *crêpe de Chine* for 29*s.* 6*d.* are good investments. Model gowns and copies of the same are to be sold at half their original cost, while a group of evening frocks have been reduced from 12½ guineas to £5 18*s.* 6*d.*

For the Holidays

THOSE who are in search of attractive suits in which to go down to the sea should certainly visit Woolland Bros., of Knightsbridge, whose "Quality" sale continues until July 27. A swimmer with black trunks and a fancy top costs only 12*s.* 9*d.*, and striped Terry towelling capes are priced at 8*s.* 11*d.* There are printed *crêpe de Chine* pochettes with scarves to match for 21*s.* 9*d.*; lace stitch wool jumpers for the same amount; light tinsel evening coats, bordered with velvet, for 4 guineas, and tweed coats, cut on straight lines, for 52*s.* 6*d.* Substantial reductions are being made in the model millinery department, and among the inexpensive hats are attractively shaped felt ones for 27*s.* 9*d.*, in all colours.

The Sports Enthusiast

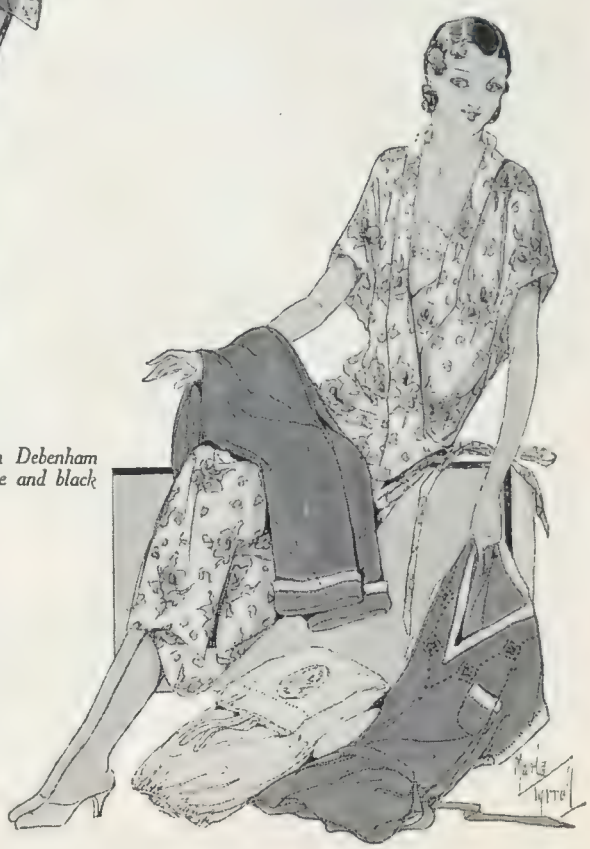
SPORTS lovers always eagerly look forward to the advent of the July sale at Robinson and Cleaver's, of Regent Street. Heavy quality washing silk dresses, with groups of pleats in the skirt, are available for 45*s.* 9*d.*, while charming printed cotton voile frocks will cost only 27s. 9d., and linen ones are priced at 14*s.* 11*d.* Irish tweed sports skirts at 12*s.* 6*d.*, and Irish linen hats for 10*s.* are other attractions. The printed shantung dressing gown at the foot of this page is 26*s.* 9*d.*, while the nunsveiling pyjamas have been reduced from 15*s.* 11*d.* to 10*s.* 11*d.* The neat camibockers of spun silk, with an embroidered monogram, are offered at the same figure.

A beautiful chiffon tea gown from Debenham and Freebody, printed in red, white and black

Petersham ribbon edges the brim of this simple Woolland model

Shoes are All Important

NOTHING is of greater importance than one's footwear. During the whole of this month really wonderful bargains are to be found at the Saxone Shoe Co., 229, Regent Street. London bench-made shoes in all the newest shades, and such combinations of leathers as suède and glacé, cost only 19*s.*, and there are real lizard skin shoes for the same price, in bulrush brown, beige, black and grey. Mention must also be made of *crêpe de Chine* Court or bar shoes for 15*s.* a pair in such delightful colours as beige, blue, jade, and black.



Practical and attractive lingerie from Robinson and Cleaver. The shantung dressing gown and the spun silk garments would be ideal for holiday wear, for they will rack well

Sketches by Marla Tyrrell

Jim's big idea

'It's all very well, Jim, suggesting we go to the Hotel de Paris, and really I can think of nothing nicer; but I ask you, how are we to get there? I mean, can you see me catching a train?'

Finally, Jim had a brain wave which we commend to you. He rang up Godfrey Davis and got a new Buick for the evening.

And in that way they slipped through the night to Bray where they dined and danced beside the quiet nocturnal waters of the Thames. 'G.D.' it to the Hotel de Paris this evening!

Finest fleet of fast new cars in the world. 2 seaters or saloons. You drive yourself. No trouble, no time lost. The car is brought right to your door. When you get back we will come and take it away. Ring up Regent, 7618-9,

Godfrey Davis,

26, Albemarle St., W.1.

A perfect dinner, divine dancing and intriguing cabaret at the Hotel de Paris on the river's edge. Weekdays, 12/6, Saturday and Sunday, 17/6 per head.

'G.D.' it to the *HOTEL de PARIS* at Bray!

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DOGS

SOME RISING STARS

By "THE KENNELMAN"

SPILLERS are benching and feeding two Dog Shows of a jolly and summery type this week, one at Paignton to-day (Wednesday) and another at Henley-on-Thames to-morrow. Another interesting Show fixed for to-day is the Ladies' Kennel Association's open-air event at Stoke Poges. Lowestoft has its Show on Thursday of next week; and on the following Wednesday, July 31, the Irish Terrier Club will celebrate its jubilee at a great Irish Terrier Show in Dublin.

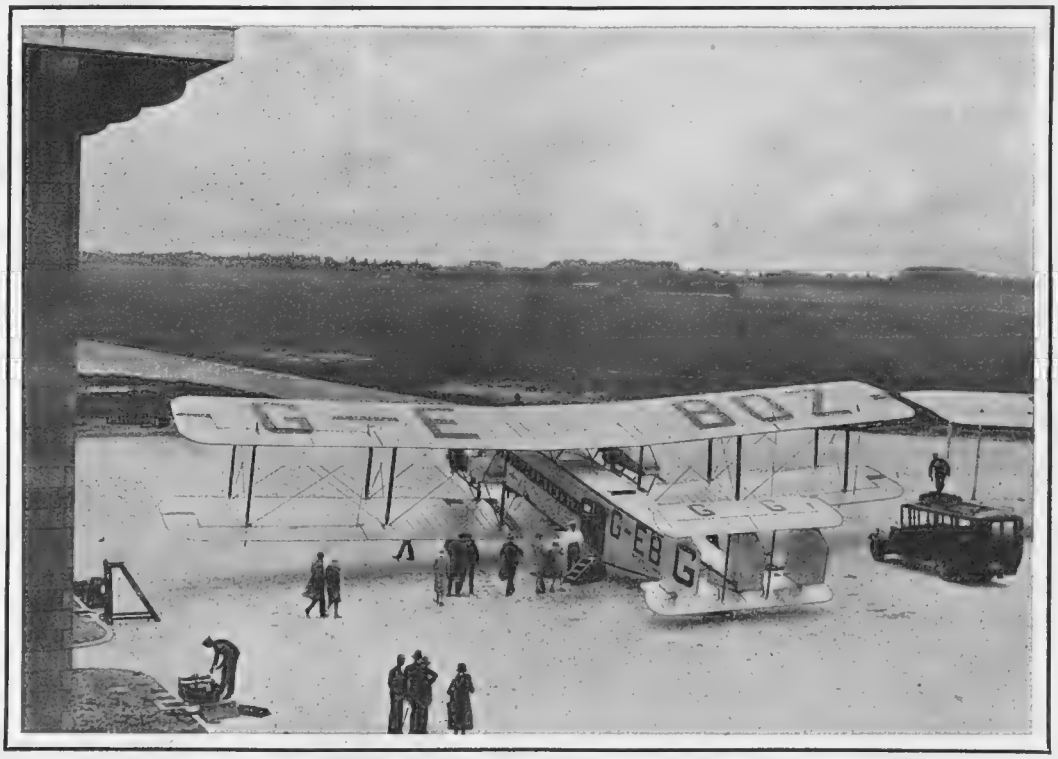
THE moderate but quite undeniable recent signs of revival of interest in the Irish Terrier are both natural and welcome to all students of the smaller types of game sporting Dogs. There are many people who want a Dog of the Airedale type (a fearless and dependable guard, never backward in coming forward, and determined where he considers his rights and duty involved), but who prefer something a bit smaller than the leggy Airedale: that ideal canine sentry and police constable. For all such the Irish Terrier is the obvious choice. His indomitable pluck and remarkable agility, taken in conjunction with his hardihood and his happy warrior spirit, may be balanced against the fact that he gives the Airedale perhaps twenty pounds in weight.

ANOTHER Dog of a totally different type whose vogue would seem to be on the up grade is the Pug. He suffers still from the stuffy reputation inherited from one section of Victorian sentimentalists, who were responsible for such designations as "Lap-dog," though, in fact, he has triumphantly outlived the pampering mode, and has responded admirably (as have most of the miscalled "Toys") to the wholesome modern fashion of giving every Dog his chance to prove himself a real Dog and sportsman. Both among the all-blacks and the fawns there are plenty of finely-bred Pugs about to-day who are pretty nearly as active and just as jolly and sporting in taste, habit and temperament as any Terrier. Over and above all which, they are delightfully rich in those breedy qualities of carven quaintness for which we are indebted to the Chinese fanciers of long-past centuries. Miniaturely massive, like the trees in a Japanese table-garden, his cobby body is as sturdy as that of the British Bulldog, his inimitable face and head suggestive of a smooth Pekingese. Very much of a character, the Pug is a genuine *Sahib* among Dogs, and one hopes that his increasing popularity will not tend to any such mischievous tinkering with his type as has injured the stamina of sundry other breeds. No well-bred Pug should weigh less than a dozen pounds, and the average should be between 13 lb. and 17 lb. Miss H. Voy's Ch. Paul of Inver is a model of Black Pug type. The portrait of this Pug appeared in a recent issue of *The Kennel Gazette*.

Keystone View

Miss Warner with her Dalmatians, which she showed at the Richmond Championship Dog Show

THE WORLD'S WAY IS THE AIRWAY



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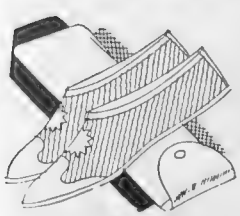
Children's Size	*—Choice of: Duck, Donkey, Frog, Swan, Horse, Seal, Tortoise, Crocodile* - -	- 15/-
Adults' Size	*—Choice of: Horse, Swan, Crocodile, Camel, Duck, Dolphin* - - - - -	- 37/6

Dorco

SURF-RIDING ANIMALS

—safe as a lifebelt!



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Dog Sense

Lucy Dawson

"as a town dog I need different food"

Speaking as dog to master, I'm all in favour of a comfy' Town life, but unless I get my proper Melox, I simply *can't* keep fit. Melox, you see, is specially made for dogs that live my kind of life

There's Melox Concentrated Meal (the all-round diet) and Melox Marvels (the little health biscuits). And, for a change of diet there is nothing to equal Buffalo Bars

There are also bad imitations of Melox and Melox Marvels—be careful to avoid them

You can get the genuine Melox dog foods almost anywhere; but should you have any difficulty, write to W. G. Clarke & Sons (1929) Ltd., Thomas Street, London, E.14, for the address of the nearest shop that keeps them

MELOX

Give Melox Meal in the morning

and Melox Marvels at night

Stearns

THE GOURMET : : Conducted by EMILIA

Clear Tarragon Soup

STRONG chicken consommé in which is simmered a bouquet of tarragon.

Salmon Trout, Canada

CUT the filleted salmon trout into scallop shapes and poach them in fish *fumet*. Dish them in an oval. Garnish the middle with 1 oz. shelled shrimps' tails, keep very hot, and coat the scallops and the garnish with a lobster sauce.

Stuffed Spring Chicken Melba

TAKE the bones out of the chickens and stuff them with the following preparation:—

Purée of Mushrooms.—Fry in butter a small quantity of minced onions and two or three chickens' livers. When slightly cooked strain through a sieve and mix with 5 oz. very finely chopped suet. Add one raw egg, a little sage and a touch of thyme. Season with salt and pepper and stuff the boned chickens with the mixture. Serve with the chickens a *crême forestiére* made with hashed mushrooms.

Baron of New Zealand Spring Lamb Empire

DRESS the saddle of a baron of lamb, stuff with Empire rice (prepared as follows), tie it up with string and roast in oven.

Rice Empire

ADD to the pilaff rice, per pound of its weight, one half onion chopped and fried in butter together with 2 oz. of fat sausage meat, divided into small portions,

Dîner

HOTHOUSE MELON.

CLEAR TARRAGON SOUP.

SALMON TROUT, CANADA.

STUFFED SPRING CHICKEN MELBA.
PURÉE OF MUSHROOMS.

BARON OF NEW ZEALAND SPRING LAMB EMPIRE.
POTATOES. GREEN PEAS.

ROAST QUAILS.
GLOBE ARTICHOKES. CELERIAC SALAD.

STRAWBERRY SNOWBALLS.

BASKET OF FANCY SWEETS.

COFFEE.

This menu, with accompanying recipes, was composed by Mr. E. Malley, Chef de Cuisine to the Carlton Hotel, and taken from the Book of Empire Dinners.

and 2 oz. of ciseled lettuce; cook the whole and complete with ¼ pint of peas, cooked *à la française* and 1½ oz. red capsicums cut into dice.

Strawberry Snowballs

COOK 1 lb. of sugar to the large ball stage and meanwhile whisk the whites of eight eggs to a stiff froth, so as to have them ready simultaneously with the sugar. Whisk this large meringue until it is sufficiently consistent to span the members of the whisk. Mix some purée of canned chestnuts with syrup and cream. Put inside the meringue some of the purée, add some strawberries, slightly sweeten with icing sugar, and cover the whole with whipped cream.

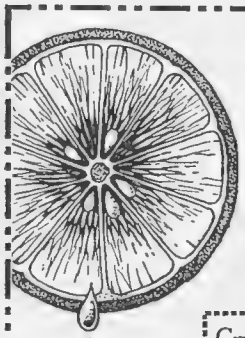
SOME SUMMER SWEETS

Fruit Sponge

Pick half a pound of red currants and the same of raspberries and boil them with half a pound of sugar until the fruit is reduced to pulp, then pass through a strainer, dissolve a little gelatine in warm water, and mix it with the fruit. Line a mould with sponge cakes, pour the fruit over them, and put aside. When cold turn out on a glass dish, and serve with cream or custard.

Melon Ice

One gill of cream, one melon, 4 oz. of white sugar. Cut off the top of the melon to make a lid. Scoop out as much melon as the weight of the cream. Put this through a wire sieve. Mix with the sugar, add the whipped cream and mix all thoroughly. Freeze, and replace it in the melon, putting on the lid with a silver skewer through it, so that it is easy to remove. Hand wafer biscuits with the melon ice.



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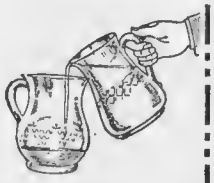

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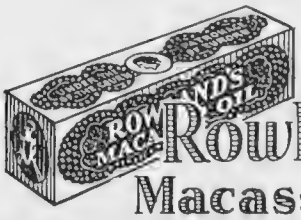

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DRY IMPERIAL *VINTAGE 1919*

BY APPOINTMENT TO HIS MAJESTY

Messrs. Moët & Chandon are the owners of the largest acreage of vineyards in the Champagne District and are the biggest distributors of that Wine in the World. They export to this Country a greater quantity of Champagne than any other house.

The "Dry Imperial" 1919 vintage is a very fine example of the brand.

THE EDITOR'S BOX

Politicians on the Cards

Messrs. Carreras, Ltd., have created much discussion and no little amusement with the playing cards they have issued, two of which are to be found in every packet of their Black Cat cigarettes, for instead of the conventional court cards being used these packs contain clever portraits of leading politicians. The cards were ordered before the result of the General Election became known, but there must have been a prophet of no mean order somewhere on the staff, for the King of Hearts is no less a person than the Prime Minister, whilst the fatherly features of Mr. George Lansbury represent the Jack of Hearts. The Government are not alone in their pasteboard glory, however, for Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Lloyd George—the latter not inappropriately representing the King of Diamonds—Mr. Baldwin, Sir Austen Chamberlain, and "Jix," who, scorning clubs, is the Jack of Spades, are all there. The cards are issued so that buyers of Black Cat cigarettes can acquire with patience a full pack, and also a full set of dominoes, two of which are also included.

Music at Harrogate

A forthcoming event of great interest to music lovers is the Festival of British Music to be held at Harrogate on July 24, 25 and 26. New compositions by Percy Grainger, Cyril Scott, Roger Quilter, Norman O'Neill, Arnold Bax, and Leslie Hewart will be played by a specially augmented orchestra, and the conductors will be Norman O'Neill, Roger Quilter, Cyril Scott, and Basil Cameron. The following well-known artists have been engaged:—Miss Beatrice Harrison ('cello), Miss Gertrude Johnson and Messrs. Mark Raphael and Frank Phillips, who are vocalists.

A Double Triumph

Doris Zinkeisen, now returning from a world tour, was met in Vancouver with the news that her portrait of Edythe Baker, the celebrated pianist, had been awarded a Bronze Medal by the Paris Salon. When this picture was hung in the 1927 Academy the art critics rejoiced not a little at the new spirit which was apparently animating the Hanging Committee.

Grove, Son, and Boulton

IN THE SALON

The portrait of Miss Edythe Baker, the celebrated pianist, in this year's Paris Salon, which has been awarded a Bronze Medal. It is the work of Miss Doris Zinkeisen, and was hung in the Academy in 1927

One of the Black Cat Political playing cards, showing Mr. Ramsay MacDonald as the King of Hearts

To Help Charity

The Electrical Trades Benevolent Institution have inaugurated a most interesting competition to assist its funds. This competition, which will appeal to everyone, especially motorists, is both amusing and novel, and requires the help of nothing more than an Ordnance Survey Map, plus, of course, a certain amount of non-technical skill, to solve it. The prizes are both numerous and varied, and include such attractive gifts as a four-valve wireless set, a folding, all-distance camera, fountain pens, caskets of cigarettes, and many other useful objects. Full particulars may be obtained from the Secretary, The E.T.B.I., 9, Southampton Street, W.C.1.

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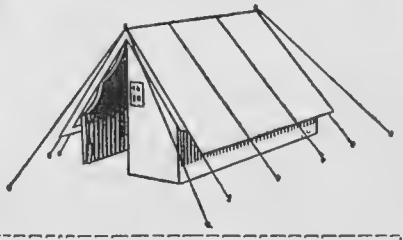

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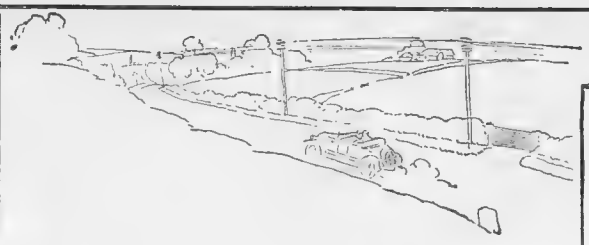

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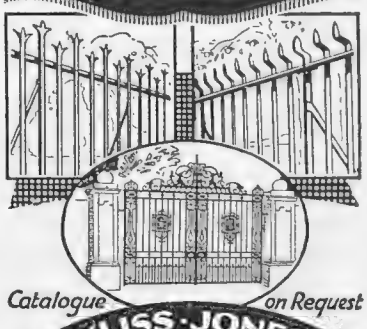

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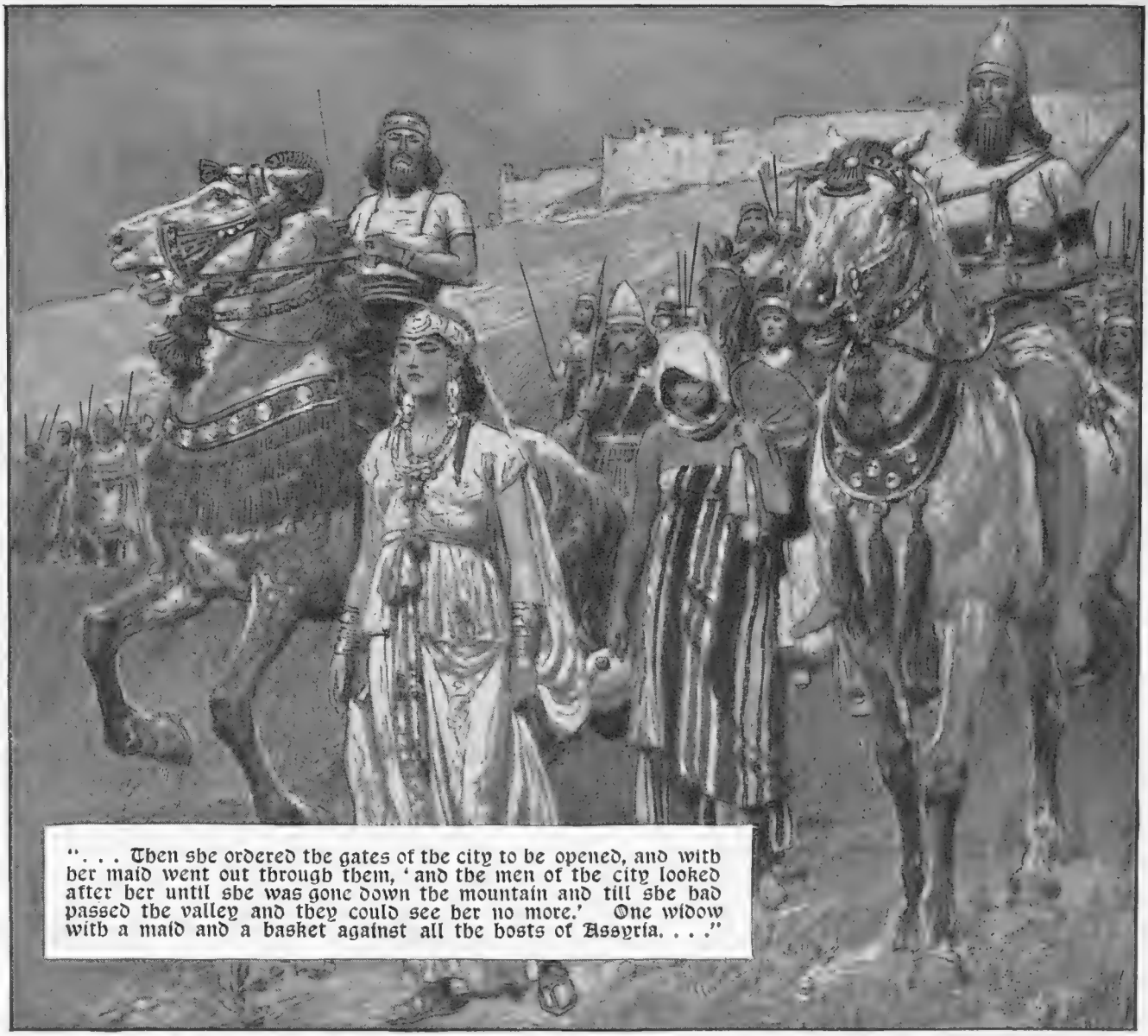

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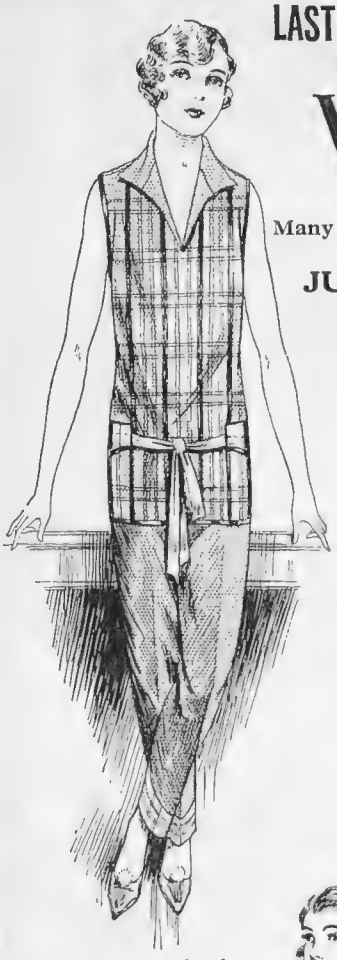

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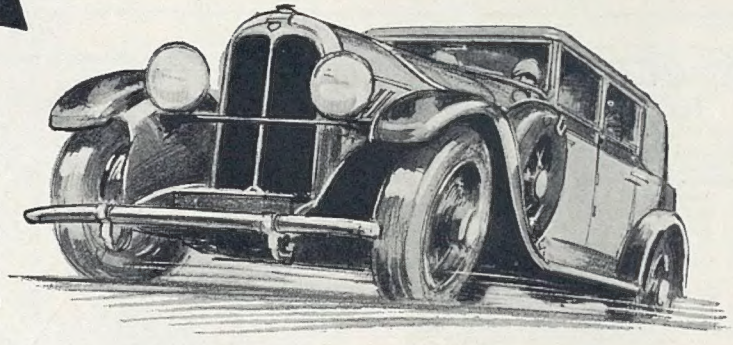

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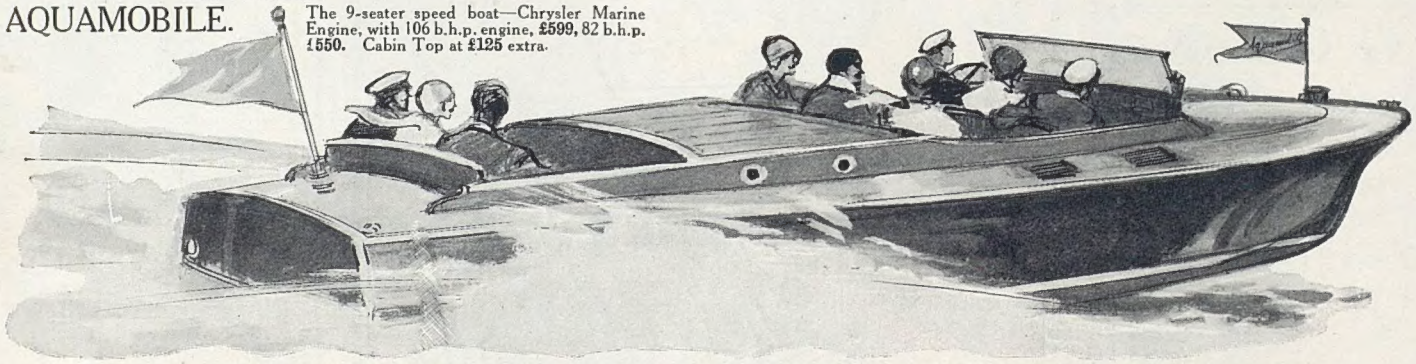

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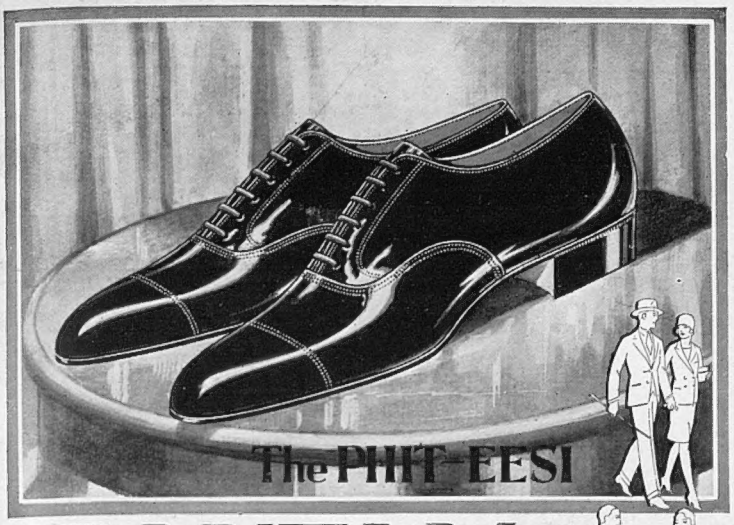

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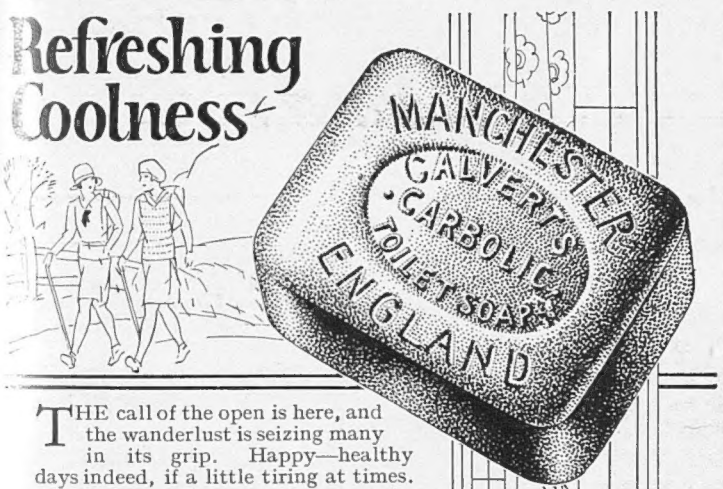

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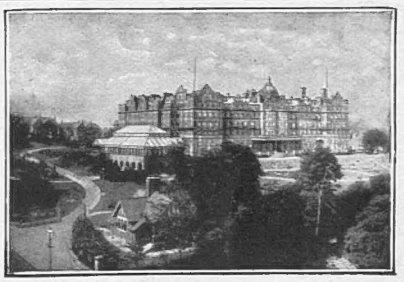

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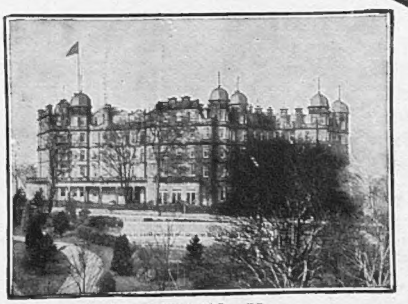

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Sir Edward —the Enthusiastic

Limited Credit—Unlimited Courtesy

Sir Edward: "Hello, Bob! Sorry my horse lost . . . hope you didn't lose much."

Bob: "Nothing serious; as a matter of fact, I got out on 'Burlington' yesterday, though I had a most unpleasant experience."

Sir Edward: "What over?"

Bob: "I had three accounts £100 credit each. Lost the lot over your gee on Monday. I decided not to have another bet this week, so didn't intend sending cheques till settling day."

Sir Edward: "That seems in order."

Bob: "Yes, but when Archie told me to back 'Burlington,' I rang up one agent . . . wanted £50 on. He refused point blank—almost rudely; said he couldn't do any more business until he received my cheque."

Sir Edward: "Rather annoying. Surely he knew you were O.K."

Bob: "I rang up another man, and, although he was polite, he wouldn't accept my commission . . . said it was against his principles, etc."

Sir Edward: "By Jove, how awkward!"

Bob: "It was, until I spoke to my third agent and explained the circumstances. He was niceness itself. Simply stipulated that if 'Burlington' lost I should send him a cheque that evening. Come to think of it, he even asked me if £50 was sufficient."

Sir Edward: "And as 'Burlington' started at 10/1 you were on velvet. By the way, what was the agent's name?"

Bob: "Douglas Stuart."

Sir Edward: "I might have known that. It's typical of him. I always tell everybody there's only one man for *real* courtesy. It's because he always studies his clients' convenience that *I'm so enthusiastic about him.*"

Follow Sir Edward's advice—Write a personal note to "Duggie" now, and become an equally enthusiastic client.

Douglas Stuart

'Stuart House,' Shaftesbury Avenue, London.

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